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MARY GRAY.

A TALE FOR HALLOW EVE.

"But Merran sat behind their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel;
She thro' the yard the nearest tak's
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the baulks
And in the blue clue throws then,
Right fear't that night."

Burn's Halloween.

'Twas Hallow Eve when round the hearth
A gay and youthful party sat,
And passed the time in social mirth,
And merry tales and friendly chat.

Each customary trick and charm
They tried to cheat the fleeting night,
And free from guilt nor fearing harm,
The hours flew by in gay delight.

The fairest of the maidens there
Was Mary, William's destin'd bride;
Beauty had moulded her with care,
And every winning grace supplied.

How fondly on her lovely face
William, enraptur'd, fix'd his gaze:
What bliss his future path to trace
With her along life's sunny ways.

Oh! wherefore Hope dost thou supply
Thy magic tints to future views,
When Fate has fix'd her deadly eye,
And wrapp'd them in her darkest hues!

And now the witching hour of night
From the old church was heard to toll;
A signal for the prison'd spright
To break away from earth's control.

Just then was heard a hollow blast,
Mix'd with a raven's boding cry;
The startled party look'd aghast,
And terror fix'd each youthful eye.

The blast grew loud and louder still,
While hoarsely rush'd the neighb'ring stream,
The casement shook, and, high and shrill,
Thrice was the raven heard to scream.

But when the breast with bliss is fraught,
When Hope illuminates the eye,

The heart admits no gloomy thought,
 The eye can see no danger nigh.
 And so it was with Mary Gray,
 Who mock'd her young companions all,
 As thus they sat in mute dismay
 To hear the raven's boding call.
 "I wonder," cried her lover, then,
 "Since Mary seems to mock us so,
 To the old kiln above the glen,
 I wonder would she dare to go ;
 And, casting in the dark abyss
 A worsted ball, hold fast the end,
 And, waiting till 'tis held—say this,
 Who holds my ball—a foe or friend ?"
 "This spell is not"—gay Mary said,
 "For me, your destin'd bride, to prove ;
 'Tis meant for some unplighted maid,
 Who'd wish to know her future love :"
 And then she turn'd her laughing eye
 To where two maidens sat apart—
 "Here's Jane and Bessey, both may try,
 To angle for some simple heart.
 But let them heed who pulls below,
 And answers to their timid call,
 For on this witching night we know
 There's one abroad, the foe of all.
 Who knows,"—she added in a tone
 Of mystery affected well—
 "Who knows but 'twas the evil one
 That made just now that fearful yell.
 'Tis certain that he must be nigh,
 For look ! how blueely burns the light ;
 Heav'n shield us all, good folks, say I,
 We're met upon an awful night."
 And awfully her head she shook,
 And glanc'd mysterious round the room,
 Then laugh'd outright, as ev'ry look
 About her wore a deeper gloom.
 But William still pursu'd his jest,
 And, bent on frolic, thus exclaim'd,
 "I've put her courage to the test,
 And only see how soon 'tis tam'd.
 She hopes by thus awaking dread
 In others to conceal her own ;
 And sooner would she lose her head
 Than venture out to night alone.
 Bless us ! how quick her little heart
 Would pant at ev'ry sound she'd hear ;
 And then—how fearfully she'd start,
 Should any living thing appear.
 She'd surely faint in sudden fright
 If in her way an ass should be,
 And certainly she'd die outright
 My grandmother's white calf to see."
 With rising heat then Mary cried,
 "It is not that I fear to go,
 And stand upon the old kiln's side,
 To cast into the depth below
 A worsted ball—if I were free,
 Your challenge should not be in vain ;
 But,"—and she paus'd—"your wish may be,
 That we should *both* be free again.
 If so," (she added with a tear,
 Which with a smile she strove to hide)
 "I'll find a bridegroom, never fear,
 As soon as you will get a bride."

"Nay, Mary dear, 'twas but a joke,"
 Her lover cried, "I meant no more;"
 From Mary's eyes forgiveness broke
 Her little flush of feeling o'er.
 "I see"—she cried—"you all believe
 I durst not venture forth alone,
 And make my way this fearful eve
 To that same heap of mould'ring stone:
 And there cast in a worsted ball,
 And boldly cry, who holds below?
 But, gallants, I will shame you all,
 For by my life I'll surely go."
 The sprightly Mary left her chair,
 And ran to where her knitting lay,
 And wound a ball of worsted there,
 And snatch'd her cloak without delay.
 In vain her young companions sought
 To check her purpose, smiling gay
 She darted forth as quick as thought,
 And fearlessly she took her way.
 'Twas then that William, with a smile,
 His plan disclos'd—"if she should dare
 To face, indeed, the ruin'd pile,
 A nearer path shall bring me there.
 Down the dark glen I mean to go,
 While she pursues the way above,
 And standing in the kiln below,
 Her boasted courage I will prove."
 The joke was humorous and good,
 And all around approv'd the plan;
 And William in a merry mood,
 To put it into practice ran.
 The wind had now subsided quite,
 But in the gloomy sky were seen
 Dark clouds, that veil'd the placid light
 Of silent night's celestial queen.
 Yet now and then as rolling by,
 The clouds pass'd from her deep and slow,
 A flood of light came down the sky,
 And silver'd all the scene below.
 Pursue we now the maiden's flight
 Along the way that she is gone;
 Behold her in the chequer'd light,
 Like a fair phantom gliding on.
 Yet, pausing, oft she stops to view
 The moon its weary course to win,
 Struggling through clouds of deepest hue,
 Like Virtue in a world of sin!
 Meanwhile young William bent his way
 Along a path well known to him,
 And by the moon's uncertain ray
 He reach'd the river deep and dim.
 Yet not undanger'd did he pass
 That rolling, dark, and troubled flood;
 He cross'd a board as false as glass,
 Which barely made his footing good.
 His ruling star he ought to thank,
 Which sav'd him from a watery grave;
 One false step on that brittle plank
 Had plung'd him in the fatal wave.
 But he has reach'd the kiln—and soon
 Conceal'd he stands beside the wall,
 And sees full clearly in the moon
 His Mary tossing down the ball.
 He waits the time, when nearly wound,
 To snatch its last ascending thread;

Which, when the startl'd Mary found,
 Away she'd fly in sudden dread.
 Then for the joke ! along the dell,
 With double speed, to hasten back,
 And join the group, and hear her tell
 Some story of a *man in black*.
 He sees her shadow on the wall,
 With timid haste and beating heart
 She's winding up the magic ball;
 But Mary—why that sudden start ?
 The thread is fast—'tis held below—
 She turns to fly—yet trembling cries,
 "Who holds my ball a friend or foe ?"
 "'Tis I!"—a hollow voice replies.
 Of wings she had but little need,
 For off she flew without her cloak,
 While William, with redoubl'd speed,
 Ran laughing back to tell the joke.
 But Mary, when her loss she found,
 Soon check'd her flight, and pausing then
 She listen'd—did she hear a sound
 Proceeding from the narrow glen ?
 'Twas like a voice imploring aid,
 It mingl'd with the water's roar ;
 "Oh ! God of mercy," cried the maid,
 "What cry was that ?"—she heard no more.
 And nothing stirr'd save the deep stream,
 That rushing foam'd and flash'd below,
 Yet now again a fainter scream—
 And more remote—another ?—no.
 Mary knelt down, and then her eye
 To Heav'n she rais'd in fervent pray'r ;
 "Oh, God ! she cried, "hear yonder cry,
 And save the wretch that's struggling there."
 But while she linger'd timely aid
 Might, if extended, life restore ;
 Quick at the thought the pitying maid
 Flew even faster than before.
 Meanwhile the group around the fire
 Employ'd the time in laugh and song,
 And when their mirth began to tire
 They thought the lovers tarried long.
 And many a joke, to raise their cheer,
 They pass'd, but some their fears begin ;
 When footsteps quick arrest each ear,
 And breathless Mary darted in !
 She sank exhausted in a chair,
 And plac'd her hands before her eyes,
 Her deadly cheek and alter'd air
 Soon check'd the laugh about to rise.
 Her young companions gather'd round,
 And anxious ask'd the matter, when
 Faintly she cried—"there's some one drown'd,
 Oh hasten—hasten to the glen."
 Fore-bodings now and dread surmise,
 The party feel in silent woe.
 "Why this delay ?" poor Mary cries,
 "Where's William ? he will fly I know.
 My God, I do not see him here ;"
 She cried and wildly gazed around ;
 No answer came to quell her fear,
 And Mary dropp'd upon the ground.
 Lights in the dell were seen to gleam,
 Reflected from the rapid tide ;
 A broken plank came down the stream,
 And on its wave a hat was spied.

By hope and fear alternate led,
All night they search'd the gloomy tide ;
But never from his watery bed
Came William back to claim his bride.

There is a calm when grief o'erflows,
A refuge from the worst of woes ;
It comes when pleasure's dream is o'er,
And Hope, the charmer, charms no more.
'Tis where the heart is wrung till dry,
And not a tear bedews the eye ;
'Tis where we see the vacant gaze,
While not a smile the lip betrays.
'Tis there—behold that wand'ring maid,
Wreathing a melancholy braid
Of cypress mix'd—to mark her lot
With the blue flow'r, "forget me not."
Wasted and wan a blighted thing,
For her in vain the breath of spring
Shall waft its sweetness—can the flower,
That feels within a cankering power
Feed on its vital part, display
A freshness to the rising day ?
Oh! no—it bends to its decree,
And needs must die upon the tree.
A vacant eye and wither'd brain,
Where reason has resign'd her reign,
And phantasy usurps her place ;
A wasted form and pallid face,
That looks despair and breathes decay :
Are all now left of Mary Gray.

G. L. A.

(New Mon. Dec.)

SOCIAL AND SAVAGE LIFE.—DANIEL BOON.

AN attachment to what is called civilized life, is considered to be interwoven with our existence; but perhaps it is not so much so as we in general suspect. Like an attachment to the locality where we spent our earliest years, the value which we feel for it arises less from its intrinsic superiority over savage life being properly estimated by us, than from the effect of habit. Local attachments we owe to accident, they relate to things, and therefore there can be no interchange of regard, no mutual tie between them and ourselves, beyond what may arise from fancy and the associations that they may recall. They offer us nothing like the affections we feel towards friends and relatives who receive our kind offices and render us theirs in exchange. Local attachments are experienced in their greatest intensity by those who live remote from large cities and great congregations of men. Inhabitants of mountainous districts, however unpolished in manners and less advanced in civilization than those

of plains, feel much stronger the charm that binds them to the scenes of their early life—the countryman much more than the citizen. Climate seems in this respect to make little distinction; the Laplander, the Swiss, and the Negro whom we steal from among his native mangroves and his pestilential marshes to steep in slavery, are alike strongly sensible of its influence. In great capitals it is almost obliterated; the early habits of their inhabitants being singularly unpropitious to its operation. The endless change of objects, the soul-engrossing traffic, and the bustle and turmoil of London, for example, soon stifle every trace of the feeling, if the smallest portion of it exist at all among its natives. In truth, what local attachment, in the sense I allude to, can be experienced by him who was born and resided two or three years in Smithfield, lived two or three more in the purlieus of Fleet-street, or among the dirty alleys of Holborn, his residence for ever shifted as the calls of business might require? The local

attachment of a Londoner is a very general and indefinite thing, and perhaps only consists in his regard for the name of the city itself, and its high claims upon public estimation, and because he will have every thing with which he is connected, to be better than any other. His early removal into the shop or manufactory, his artificial mode of life, his associates, and the demoralization around, make him incapable of feeling any of the sensations experienced by the unsophisticated inhabitant of the country, who has spent his youth amid the charms of nature, gazed with a delight of which the Londoner is utterly ignorant, upon the blue stream, the craggy mountain, or the tufted wood, from the door of the tenement in which he was born, and which has sheltered his ancestors for ages—who has noted every tree in the landscape on which he has looked with fondness for years, and has completely identified with his own heart “the hill that lifts him to the storms:”—his neighbours are all in his horizon of view; it is his little universe, and he would exchange it for no other. Thus, what may be called the highest congregated state of man, tends to obliterate local attachments, which will be found strongest in that state of society which approaches nearest to the simplicity of Nature.

It has been remarked, that those who have been educated in civilized society, if they have at any time been forced to quit it by some accidental circumstance, and mingled with the Indian tribes in the forests of America, adopting for any considerable time their mode of life, and ranging unrestrained through the vast domains which have never yet submitted to the plough, have found it extremely difficult to return again and yield obedience to its restraints and institutions. A Mr. Hunter has lately published a most interesting work, containing an account of his life and residence among the Indian tribes of North America, having been made captive by them, when an infant, in one of their attacks upon the White settlements. According to their custom, they adopted him into a family, and reared him up in their own

mode of life. He wandered with them across the vast territory of the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean, and back again to the western states of America. He made his escape from them to one of the American cities, where he attracted much notice. This gentleman has stated to his intimate friends, that, particularly since he has been initiated into the forms of polished life, he has felt an almost irresistible inclination to return and join again his former associates; every thing seeming beyond measure cramped and restrained when contrasted with the liberty and ease of his former mode of life. Mr. Hunter's work contains much interesting matter for the consideration of the philosopher, and indeed of all who make the history of the human mind their study. It discloses many traits of Indian character, which must tend to raise rather than depress them in the scale of being. The fondness of the savage for ranging the forest and leading the life of a hunter, arises from the same love of liberty which is engrafted in the nature of civilized man, and is diminished, but never utterly annihilated, in the bosom of the citizen. Every attempt which has been made in Canada to amalgamate the aboriginal inhabitants with Europeans has failed. A chief here and there has been found, after long intercourse, to join occasionally the colonial society, and conduct himself in a very superior manner, so as to demonstrate that he was able, if he pleased, to support the artificial accomplishments of those whom he visited; but soon afterwards he has resumed his Indian habiliments, and rejoined his countrymen in the forest, with a delight that seemed to have derived a higher value from the contrast it afforded him to the manners he had just quitted. The village of Jeune Loretto in Canada is entirely an Indian residence; but though every method has been taken to make them adopt European customs, even with the children, who have been instructed in reading and writing, the effort has appeared insurmountable. By the aid of the strong liquors and diseases imported from Europe, they will by and by become extinct, owing to the rapid dimi-

nution of their population, but they will never disappear by being blended with those who have conveyed to them these baleful plagues. The stream of Indian life will be dried up, pure to its last dregs, without commingling its waters and repairing its diminution from foreign sources. Yet these Indians have the sagacity to discover that knowledge is strength, and to shelter themselves under our protection, some of them even tilling small plots of ground after the mode they have learnt from us. But nothing can obliterate their affection for their own mode of life. After all, considering them abstractedly from the part they constitute towards the whole body politic, a considerable portion of the inhabitants of every civilized state have little of which to boast over the Aborigines of Canada, either in the employments in which they spend their time, the moral innocence of their lives, or the elevation of their pursuits. The free Indian has the advantage in many high and romantic qualities; he is brave, content, and independent, while the former cannot be said to be either.

But there may sometimes be motives for the freedom of the woods and forests being adopted by civilized men. The injustice and oppression that man often receives from his fellow, from bad laws, or from the shafts of calumny, may appear in themselves sufficiently strong to justify him in adopting the simplicity and uncontrolled state of natural life. To men of particular dispositions, of high spirit, and keen feelings, whose minds have been deeply wounded, a life spent apart from scenes which they cannot contemplate without pain, has been felt to be grateful. They have determined that the social compact is dissolved: that the boasted protection which was held out as the price of restraint, and for which freedom and property were sacrificed, was no longer a shield over them. They hear statesmen talk of citizenship, and the duty of every man to bear evil and injustice, and even to sacrifice himself for the sake of the community—that the bundle must not be weakened by abstracting a single stick. They hear lawyers boast of

the excellency of laws that bar that exercise of his free will which inclines him to withdraw from their power, and declaring that his fealty, arising from the accidental circumstance of birth, can never be violated under any pretence;—that he must bear every evil life can inflict, but has no right to withdraw himself from that society which has a paramount claim on him and his. He considers, reflects, and at last presumes to differ from these very politic and sophistical principles. What is society to him? has he power over his own property, and shall he have none over a choice of country? Shall he not resign that which in his feelings is guilty of injustice towards him, and endeavour to spend the remainder of life in the mode most congenial and soothing to a wounded spirit? He demurs a moment, forms his resolution, rushes into the woods, and becomes a hunter for the rest of his days, far removed from the footsteps of civilized man. Who can blame such an individual, or with justice contend that he has no moral right thus to dispose of himself? Who can blame him for not submitting to a state of life full of disgust, and that would drench the remainder of his days in suffering?

Such was, in all probability, the reasoning of Colonel Daniel Boon,*

* The passage alluded to, by Lord Byron is as follows:

Of all men, saving Sylla, the manslayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The General Boon, backwoodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest among mortals any where;
For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

Crime came not near him—she is not the child
Of solitude; health shrank not from him—for
Her home is in the rarely-trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not, and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled
By habit to what their own hearts abhor—
In cities caged. The present case in point I
Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to ninety;
And what's still stranger, left behind a name
For which men vainly decimate the throng,
Not only famous, but of that *good* fame,
Without which glory's but a tavern song—
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy ere could tinge with wrong;
An active hermit, even in age the child
Of nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

whose name was unknown in this country until it was lately brought before the public by Lord Byron. His history is still a novelty. Accident made me acquainted with some incidents respecting him by means of an American friend. Memoirs of this extraordinary individual, or rather part of his singular career, have been published on the other side of the Atlantic, but I believe have never yet reached England. Boon originally belonged to the state of North Carolina, where he cultivated a farm. In company with five other individuals, he left that province in 1769, and journeyed to a river that falls into the Ohio, with a view of settling upon it. The spot which he chose was situated in the state of Kentucky, in which he thus became the first settler. He began by erecting a house, surrounded by a stockade or close palisado, formed of the square trunks of trees, placed close together and sunk deep in the earth, a precaution absolutely necessary to be taken in a frontier settlement continually exposed to the attacks of the native Indians. This fort as the Americans call such defences, was situated about seventy-five miles from the present town of Frankfort, and the party gave it the name of Fort Boonsborough; and thus was formed the primitive settlement of the state of Kentucky, which now has a population of 564,317. He entered his lands and secured them, as he imagined, so as to give him a safe title, and was completely established in them in the year 1775. He seems, however, to have experienced various attacks from hostile tribes of Indians. At this place, with no common resolution, and with a fortitude that argued him to be of the order of superior men, far removed from military succour, in a wild and savage forest, and with a constant fear of attack from a ferocious enemy, he steadily and undauntedly proceeded to mature his plans. When his little fort was completed, he removed his establishment to it from North Carolina, conducting thither his wife and daughters, the first white females that had ever trod on the shores of the Kentucky river. He was soon joined by

four or five other families, and thirty or forty men settlers. They had several times repulsed the attacks of the Indians with bloodshed; and at length, while making salt from some brine springs at no great distance from his home, he was surprised with twenty-seven of his settlers, by upwards of a hundred, who were on their march to renew their attacks on his infant colony. He capitulated with them on condition that their lives should be spared, and they were immediately marched away to an Indian town on the Miami river, a long distance off, and finally conducted to the British governor, Hamilton, at Detroit, the Indians scrupulously abiding by the terms on which Boon had surrendered to them. These sons of nature, however, got so attached to their prisoner on their march, that they would not resign him to the British governor, nor even part with him for a hundred pounds generously offered for him by the British officers, in order that he might return home to his family; but leaving his fellow-settlers behind, they took him away with them again, adopted him into the family of one of their chiefs, and allowed him to hunt or spend his time in the way most agreeable to his inclination. One day he went with them to make salt, when he met with four hundred and fifty warriors painted and armed, and ready to set out against Fort Boonsborough. He immediately determined, at a great risk of his life, to make his escape, trembling as he was for the fate of his family and settlement. In four days he reached Boonsborough, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, making only one meal by the way. Not a minute was to be lost, and he began to strengthen his log defences and fortify himself as strongly as possible. The Indians, finding he had escaped, delayed their attack; and having received a reinforcement of men, in which were a few troops, he determined to brave all dangers and defend himself to the last. At length a ferocious Indian army made its appearance. Boon encouraged his little garrison to maintain an obstinate defence, death being preferable to captivity, though his hope of resisting with

success was but faint. The cruel and savage enemy also, they might well calculate, would become doubly enraged by a protracted resistance; but like brave men, determined to let fate do its worst and think nothing of final consequences, they let the Indian chief know their resolution. Upon this the latter demanded a parley with nine of the garrison; articles were proposed for an arrangement without bloodshed; but on signing them they were told it was the Indian custom to shake hands with each other by way of sealing their engagement. On complying, each Indian grappled his man in order to make him prisoner, but, by a miracle, eight out of the nine succeeded in extricating themselves, Boon being among the number, and they got safe into their garrison. A furious attack was now made upon the fort, which lasted nine days and nights, during which only two men were killed and four wounded by the besiegers, who in return suffered severely, and the logs of the fort were stuck full of the bullets which they fired. At length hostilities ceasing, Boon's wife, who on his first captivity supposing him killed, had set off with her family on horseback through the woods a long and dangerous distance in North Carolina, was fetched back by her husband a second time to his new residence, where he hoped for the future to pursue his peaceful occupations unmolested. His sufferings and perils had been great, but his courage and constancy had surmounted them all, and he had just reason to calculate at last upon a period of repose.

Boon, however, was not to end his days amid the advantages of social life. His horoscope had been cast, and discovered no common portion of malign influence. His courage and constancy, under the severest trials; his long and unremitting labours, in perfecting his infant settlement, almost entitled him to a civic crown; but how different was his reward! After his exemplary labours, after spending the best part of an honest life in rearing and providing for a numerous family, and having arrived at that period of existence when

he might reasonably expect to enjoy the fruit of his exertions, and obtain some return for the fatigues and hazards of his preceding life; too old to begin another settlement, and that which he had begun so many years before in the heart of the wilderness, looking smiling around him, the prop of his old age, the pride of his hoary years, his family's hope when he should be laid low—he suddenly finds that he is possessed of nothing, that his eyes must be closed without a home, and that he must be an outcast in his grey hairs. His heart is torn, his feelings are lacerated by the chicanery of the law, which discovers that there is a defect in his title to the land of which he was the first settler, even in a state where no white man had put in the spade before him. Perhaps his thriving farm was envied by some new adventurer. The discovery was fatal to his happiness. While he fondly believed that his title was indisputable, his land was taken from him, his goods were sold, and he was deprived of his all. The province had been rapidly settling by his countrymen, and increasing civilization was accompanied by those vices which are its never-failing attendants. Knavery, in every form, marched with it; interest, at any sacrifice of honour and justice, became the reigning principle. The law, which in all countries inflicts nearly as much evil as it prevents, was made an instrument to dispossess him of his property, and he saw himself a wanderer and an outcast. His past labour, even to blood, had been in vain. Cut to the soul, with a wounded spirit, he still showed himself an extraordinary and eccentric man. He left for ever the state in which he had been the first to introduce a civilized population—where he had so boldly maintained himself against external attacks, and shown himself such an industrious and exemplary citizen; where he found no white man when he sat himself down amid the ancient woods, and left behind him half a million. He forsook it for ever; no intreaty could keep him within its bounds. Man, from whom he deserved every thing, had persecu-

ted and robbed him of all. He bade his friends and his family adieu for ever; he felt the tie which linked him to social life was broken. He took with him his rifle and a few necessaries, and crossing the Ohio, pursued his track till he was two or three hundred miles in advance of any white settlement. As the territory north of the Ohio was taken possession of, and peopling fast from the United States, he crossed the Mississippi, and plunged into the unknown and immense country on the banks of the Missouri, where the monstrous Mammoth is even now supposed to be in existence. On the shores of this mighty river he reared his rude log hut, to which he attached no idea of permanency, but held himself constantly ready to retire yet farther from civilized man, should he approach too near his desert solitude.

With the exception of a son, who resided with his father, according to some accounts, but without any one, according to others, his dog and gun were his only companions. He planted the seeds of a few esculent vegetables round his fragile dwelling, but his principal food he obtained by hunting. He has been seen seated on a log at the entrance of his hut by an exploring traveller, or far more frequently by the straggling Indian. His rifle generally lay across his knees and his dog at his side, and he rarely went farther from home than the haunts of the deer and the wild turkey, which constituted his principal support. In his solitude he would sometimes speak of his past actions, and of his indefatigable labours, with a glow of delight on his countenance that indicated how dear they were to his heart, and would then become at once silent and dejected. He would survey his limbs, look at his shrivelled hands, complain of the dimness of his sight, and lifting the rifle to his shoulder take aim at a distant object, and say that it trembled before his vision, that his eyes were losing their power, rubbing them with his hands, and lamenting that his youth and manhood were gone, but hoping that his legs would serve him to the last of life, to carry him to spots frequented by the game, that he might

not starve. It does not appear that he talked much of the ingratitude of mankind towards him. He perhaps thought regret and complaint alike unavailing, and that his resolution of exiling himself in the back woods and the territories of the Indians was the best way of demonstrating the high-spirited contempt and indignation he felt towards his countrymen, by whom he had been so unjustly treated. Boon seems to have possessed a great mind; congregated men had treated him with injustice and with cruelty, considering his claims upon them; he sought not to retaliate his injuries on individuals—he felt not the passion of revenge, nor the wish to injure those who had injured him irreparably, and he determined to withdraw from their power. He felt that he could not be happy amid the heartless vices of society; that the desert and the forest, the Indian, the rattlesnake, and the Juagar, were preferable associates; that they bore no feigned aspect of kindness while they were secretly plotting his destruction; that they rarely inflicted evil without just provocation; and that the uncontrolled child of Nature was a preferable companion to the executors of laws, which to him at least, however beneficial they might in some cases be to others, were most cruel and unjust.

Thus he passed through life till he was between eighty and ninety years of age, contented in his wild solitude, and in his security from injustice and rapacity. About a twelvemonth ago, it is reported, he was found dead on his knees, with his rifle cocked and resting on the trunk of a fallen tree, as if he had just been going to take aim, most probably at a deer, when death suddenly terminated his earthly recollections of the ingratitude of his fellow-creatures, at a period when his faculties, though he had attained such an age, were not greatly impaired. Boonsborough is now a thriving town, and its name will ever remain as a testimony of its founder's sufferings, and the conduct of his fellow-citizens towards him, in the midst of the freest nation of ancient or modern times.

SITTING FOR ONE'S PICTURE.

(New Mon.)

THERE is a pleasure in sitting for one's picture, which many persons are not aware of. People are coy on this subject at first, coquet with it, and pretend not to like it, as is the case with other venial indulgences, but they soon get over their scruples, and become resigned to their fate. There is a conscious vanity in it; and vanity is the *aurum potabile* in all our pleasures, the true *elixir* of human life. The sitter at first affects an air of indifference, throws himself into a slovenly or awkward position, like a clown when he goes a courting for the first time, but gradually recovers himself, attempts an attitude, and calls up his best looks, the moment he receives intimation that there is something about him that will do for a picture. The beggar in the street is proud to have his picture painted, and would almost sit for nothing: the finest lady in the land is as fond of sitting to a favourite artist as of seating herself before her looking-glass; and the more so, as the glass, in this case is sensible of her charms, and does all it can to fix or heighten them. Kings lay aside their crowns to sit for their portraits, and poets their laurels to sit for their busts! I am sure, my father has as little love for the art as most persons; yet when he had sat to me a few times (now some twenty years ago), he grew evidently uneasy when it was a fine day, that is, when the sun shone into the room, so that we could not paint; and when it became cloudy, began to bustle about, and ask me if I was not getting ready. Poor old room! Does the sun still shine into thee, or does Hope fling its colours round thy walls, gaudier than the rainbow? No, never while thy oak-pannels endure, will they inclose such fine movements of the brain as passed through mine, when the fresh hues of nature gleamed from the canvass, and my heart silently breathed the names of Rembrandt and Correggio! Between my father's love of sitting and mine of painting, we hit upon a tolerable likeness at last; and *Megilp* (that bane of the English school) has destroyed as fine an old Noncon-

formist head as one could hope to see in these degenerate times.

The fact is, that the having one's picture painted is like the creation of another self; and that is an idea, of the repetition or reduplication of which no man is ever tired, to the thousandth reflection. It has been said that lovers are never tired of each other's company, because they are always talking of themselves. This seems to be the bond of connexion (a delicate one it is!) between the painter and the sitter—they are always thinking and talking of the same, the picture, in which their self-love finds an equal counter-part. There is always something to be done or to be altered, that touches that sensitive chord—this feature was not exactly hit off, something is wanting to the nose or to the eye-brows, it may perhaps be as well to leave out this mark or that blemish, if it were possible to recall an expression that was remarked a short time before, it would be an indescribable advantage to the picture—a squint or a pimple on the face handsomely avoided may be a link of attachment ever after. He is no mean friend who conceals from ourselves, or only gently indicates, our obvious defects to the world. The sitter, by his repeated, minute, *fidgetty* inquiries about himself may be supposed to take an indirect and laudable method of arriving at self-knowledge; and the artist, in self-defence, is obliged to cultivate a scrupulous tenderness towards the feeling of his sitter, lest he should appear in the character of a spy upon him. I do not conceive there is a stronger call upon secret gratitude than the having made a favourable likeness of any one; nor a surer ground of jealousy and dislike than the having failed in the attempt. A satire or a lampoon in writing is bad enough; but here we look doubly foolish, for we are ourselves parties to the plot, and have been at considerable pains to give evidence against ourselves. I have never had a plaster cast taken of myself: in truth, I rather shrink from the experiment; for I know I should be very much mortified

if it did not turn out well, and should never forgive the unfortunate artist who had lent his assistance to prove that I looked like a blockhead !

The late Mr. Opie used to remark that the most sensible people made the best sitters ; and I incline to his opinion, especially as I myself am an excellent sitter. Indeed, it seems to me a piece of mere impertinence not to sit as still as one can in these circumstances. I put the best face I can upon the matter, as well out of respect to the artist as to myself. I appear on my trial in the court of physiognomy, and am as anxious to make good a certain idea I have of myself, as if I were playing a part on a stage. I have no notion, how people go to sleep, who are sitting for their pictures. It is an evident sign of want of thought and of internal resources. There are some individuals, all whose ideas are in their hands and feet—make them sit still, and you put a stop to the machine altogether. The volatile spirit of quicksilver in them turns to a *caput mortuum*. Children are particularly sensible of this constraint, from their thoughtlessness and liveliness. It is the next thing with them to wearing the fool's cap at school: yet they are proud of having their pictures taken, ask when they are to sit again, and are mightily pleased when they are done. Charles the First's children seem to have been good sitters, and the great dog sits like a Lord Chancellor.

The second time a person sits, and the view of the features is determined, the head seems fastened in an imaginary *vice*, and he can hardly tell what to make of his situation. He is certainly overstepping the bounds of duty, and is tied down to certain lines and limits chalked out upon the canvass, to him "invisibly or dimly seen" on the throne where he is exalted. The painter has now a difficult task to manage—to throw in his gentle admonitions "A little more this way, sir," or "You bend rather too forward, madam,"—and ought to have a delicate white hand, that he may venture to adjust a straggling lock of hair, or by giving a slight turn to the head, co-operate in the practical attainment of a position. These are the ticklish and tiresome

places of the work, before much progress is made, where the sitter grows peevish and abstracted, and the painter more anxious and particular than he was the day before. Now is the time to fling in a few adroit compliments, or to introduce general topics of conversation. The artist ought to be a well-informed and agreeable man—able to expatiate on his art, and abounding in lively and characteristic anecdotes. Yet he ought not to talk too much, or to grow too animated ; or the picture is apt to stand still, and the sitter to be aware of it. Accordingly, the best talkers in the profession have not always been the most successful portrait-painters. For this purpose it is desirable to bring a friend, who may relieve guard, or fill up the pauses of conversation, occasioned by the necessary attention of the painter to his business, and by the involuntary reveries of the sitter on what his own likeness will bring forth ; or a book, a newspaper, or a portfolio of prints may serve to amuse the time. When the sitter's face begins to flag, the artist may then properly start a fresh topic of discourse, and while his attention is fixed on the graces called out by the varying interest of the subject, and the model anticipates, pleased and smiling, their being transferred every moment to the canvass, nothing is wanted to improve and carry to its height the amicable understanding and mutual satisfaction & goodwill subsisting between those two persons, so happily occupied with each other.

Sir Joshua must have had a fine time of it with his sitters. Lords, ladies, generals, and authors, opera-singers, musicians, the learned and the polite, besieged his doors, and found an unfailing welcome. What a rustling of silks ! What a fluttering of flounces and brocades ! What a cloud of powder and perfumes ! What a flow of periwigs ! What an exchange of civilities and of titles ! What a recognition of old friendships and an introduction of new acquaintance and sitters ! It must, I think, be allowed that this is the only mode in which genius can form a legitimate union with wealth and fashion. There is a secret and sufficient tie in interest and vanity.

Abstract topics of wit or learning do not furnish a connecting link : but the painter, the sculptor, come in close contact with the persons of the Great. The lady of quality, the courtier, and the artist, meet and shake hands on this common ground ; the latter exercises a sort of natural jurisdiction and dictatorial power over the pretensions of the first to external beauty and accomplishment, which produces a mild sense and tone of equality ; and the opulent sitter pays the taker of flattering likenesses handsomely for his trouble, which does not lessen the sympathy between them. There is even a satisfaction in paying down a high price for a picture—it seems as if one's head was worth something !—During the first sitting, Sir Joshua did little but chat with the new candidate for the fame of portraiture, try an attitude, or remark an expression. His object was to gain time, by not being in haste to commit himself, until he was master of the subject before him. No one ever dropped in but the friends and acquaintance of the sitter—it was a rule with Sir Joshua that from the moment the latter entered, he was at home—the room belonged to him—but what secret whisperings would there be among these, what confidential, inaudible communications ! It must be a refreshing moment, when the cake and wine had been handed round, and the artist began again. He, as it were, by this act of hospitality assumed a new character, and acquired a double claim to confidence and respect. In the mean time, the sitter would perhaps glance his eye round the room, and see a Titian or a Vandyke hanging in one corner, with a transient feeling of scepticism whether he should make such a picture. How the ladies of quality and fashion must bless themselves from being made to look like Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith ! How proud the first of these would be, how happy the last, to fill the same arm-chair where the Burnburys and the Hornecks had sat ! How superior the painter would feel to them all ! By “happy alchemy of mind,” he brought out all their good qualities and reconciled their defects, gave an air of studious ease to his learned friends, or lighted up

the face of folly and fashion with intelligence and graceful smiles. Those portraits, however, that were most admired at the time, do not retain their preeminence now : the thought remains upon the brow, while the colour has faded from the cheek, or the dress grown obsolete ; and after all, Sir Joshua's best pictures are those of his worst sitters—*his Children*. They suited best with his unfinished style ; and are like the infancy of the art itself, happy, bold, and careless. Sir Joshua formed the circle of his private friends from the *élite* of his sitters ; and Vandyke was, it appears, on the same footing with his. When any of those noble or distinguished persons whom he has immortalized with his pencil, were sitting to him, he used to ask them to dinner, and afterwards it was their custom to return to the picture again, so that it is said that many of his finest portraits were done in this manner, ere the colours were yet dry, in the course of a single day. Oh ! ephemeral works to last for ever !

Vandyke married a daughter of Earl Cowper, of whom there is a very beautiful picture. She was the *Cenone*, and he his own Paris. A painter of the name of Astley married a Lady —, who sat to him for her picture. He was a wretched hand, but a fine person of a man, and a great coxcomb ; and on his strutting up and down before the portrait when it was done with a prodigious air of satisfaction, she observed, “If he was so pleased with the copy, he might have the original.” This Astley was a person of magnificent habits and a sumptuous taste in living ; and is the same of whom the anecdote is recorded, that when some English students walking out near Rome were compelled by the heat to strip off their coats, Astley displayed a waistcoat with a huge waterfall streaming down the back of it, which was a piece of one of his own canvasses that he had converted to this purpose. Sir Joshua fell in love with one of his fair sitters, a young and beautiful girl, who ran out one day in a great panic and confusion, hid her face in her companion's lap who was reading in an outer room, and said, “Sir Joshua had made her an of-

fer !” This circumstance, perhaps, deserves mentioning the more, because there is a general idea that Sir Joshua Reynolds was a confirmed old bachelor. Goldsmith conceived a fruitless attachment to the same person, and addressed some compassionate letters to her. Alas ! it is the fate of genius to admire and to celebrate beauty, not to enjoy it ! It is a fate, perhaps not without its compensations—

“ Had Petrarch gain'd his Laura for a wife,
Would he have written Sonnets all his life ?”

This distinguished beauty is still living, and handsomer than Sir Joshua's picture of her when a girl ; and inveighs against the freedom of Lord Byron's pen with all the charming prudery of the last age.*

The relation between the portrait-painter and his amiable sitters is one of established custom ; but it is also one of metaphysical nicety, and is a running *double entendre*. The fixing an inquisitive gaze on beauty, the heightening a momentary grace, the dwelling on the heaven of an eye, the losing one's-self in the dimple of a chin, is a dangerous employment. The painter may chance to slide into the lover—the lover can hardly turn painter. The eye indeed grows critical, the hand is busy ; but are the senses unmoved ? We are employed to transfer living charms to an inanimate surface ; but they may sink into the heart by the way, and the nerveless hand be unable to carry its luscious burthen any further. St. Preux wonders at the rash mortal who had dared to trace the features of his Julia ; and accuses him of insensibility without reason. Perhaps he too had an enthusiasm and pleasures of his own ! Mr. Burke, in his *Sublime and Beautiful*, has left a description of what he terms the most beautiful object in nature, the neck of a love-

* Sir Joshua may be thought to have studied the composition of his female portraits very coolly. There is a picture of his remaining of a Mrs. Symmons, who appears to have been a delicate beauty, pale, with a very little colour in her cheeks : but then to set off this want of complexion, she is painted in a snow-white satin dress, there is a white marble pillar near her, a white cloud over her head, and by her side stands one white lily.

ly and innocent female, which is written very much as if he had himself formerly painted this object, and sacrificed at this formidable shrine. There is no doubt that the perception of beauty becomes more exquisite (“till the sense aches at it”) by being studied and refined upon as an object of art—it is at the same time fortunately neutralized by this means, or the painter would run mad. It is converted into an abstraction, an *ideal* thing, into something intermediate between nature and art, hovering between a living substance and a senseless shadow. The health and spirit that but now breathed from a speaking face, the next moment breathe with almost equal effect from a dull piece of canvass, and thus distract attention : the eye sparkles, the lips are moist there too ; and if we can fancy the picture alive, the face in its turn fades into a picture, a mere object of sight. We take rapturous possession with one sense, the eye ; but the artist's pencil acts as a non-conductor to the grosser desires. Besides, the sense of duty, of propriety interferes. It is not the question at issue : we have other work on our hands, and enough to do. Love is the product of ease and idleness : but the painter has an anxious, feverish, never-ending task, to rival the beauty, to which he dare not aspire even in thought, or in a dream of bliss. Paints and brushes are not “amorous toys of light-winged Cupid ;” a rising sigh evaporates in the aroma of some fine oil-colour or varnish, a kindling blush is transfixed in a bed of vermilion on the palette. A blue vein meandering in a white wrist invites the hand to touch it : but it is better to proceed, and not to spoil the picture. The ambiguity becomes more striking in painting from the naked figure. If the wonder occasioned by the object is greater, so is the despair of rivalling what we see. The sense of responsibility increases with the hope of creating an artificial splendour to match the real one. The display of unexpected charms foils our vanity. The painting *A Diana and Nymphs* is like plunging into a cold bath of desire : to make a statue of a *Venus* transforms the sculptor himself to stone. The snow

on the lap of beauty freezes the soul. The heedless unsuspected license of foreign manners gives the artist abroad an advantage over ours at home. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted only the head of Iphigene from a beautiful woman of quality : Canova had innocent girls to sit to him for his Graces. I have but one other word to add on this part of the subject: if having to paint a delicate and modest female is a temptation to gallantry, on the other hand the sitting to a lady for one's picture is a still more trying situation, and amounts (almost of itself) to a declaration of love !

Landscape-painting is free from these tormenting dilemmas and embarrassments. It is as full of the feeling of pastoral simplicity and ease, as portrait-painting is of personal vanity and egotism. Away then with these incumbrances to the true liberty of thought—the sitter's chair, the bag-wig and sword, the drapery, the lay-figure—and let us to some retired spot in the country, take out our portfolio, plant our easel, and begin. We are all at once shrouded from observation—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot !"

We enjoy the cool shade, with solitude and silence ; or hear the dashing waterfall,

"Or stock-dove plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustles to the sighing gale."

It seems almost a shame to do any thing, we are so well content without it ; but the eye is restless, and we must have something to show when we get home. We set to work, and failure, or success, prompts us to go on. We take up the pencil, or lay it down again as we please. We muse or paint, as objects strike our senses or our reflection. The perfect labour we feel turns labour to a luxury. We try to imitate the grey colour of a rock or of the bark of a tree : the breeze wafted from its broad foliage gives us fresh spirits to proceed, we dip our pencil in the sky, or ask the white clouds sailing over its bosom to sit for their pictures. We are in no hurry, and have the day before us. Or else, escaping from the close-embowered scene, we catch fading distances on airy downs, and seize on golden sunsets with the fleecy flocks glittering in the evening ray, after a

shower of rain has fallen. Or from Norwood's ridgy heights, survey the snake-like Thames, or its smoke-crowned capital ;

"Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield us in the woods again."

No one thinks of disturbing a landscape-painter at his task : he seems a kind of magician, the privileged genius of the place. Wherever a Claude, a Wilson has introduced his own portrait in the foreground of a picture, we look at it with interest (however ill it may be done), feeling that it is the portrait of one who was quite happy at the time, and how glad we should be to change places with him.

Mr. Burke has brought in a fine episode in one of his later works in allusion to Sir Joshua's portrait of Lord Keppel, and of some other friends, painted in their better days. The portrait is indeed a fine one, worthy of the artist and the critic, and perhaps recalls Lord Keppel's memory oftener than any other circumstance at present does. Portrait-painting is, in truth, a sort of cement of friendship, and a clue to history. Mr. C****r, of the Admiralty, the other day blundered upon some observations relating to this subject, and made the House stare by asserting that portrait-painting was history or history portrait, as it happened, but went on to add, "That those gentlemen who had seen the ancient portraits lately exhibited at Pall-mall, must have been satisfied that they were strictly *historical* ;" which showed that he knew nothing at all of the matter, and merely talked by rote. There was nothing historical in the generality of those portraits, except that they were portraits of people mentioned in history—there was no more of the spirit of history in them, which is *passive* or *active*, than in their dresses.

I was going to observe, that I think the reviving the recollection of our family and friends in our absence may be a frequent and strong inducement to sitting for our pictures, but that I believe the love of posthumous fame, or of continuing our memories after we are dead, has very little to do with it. And one reason I should give for that opinion is this, that we are not naturally very

prone to dwell with pleasure on any thing that may happen in relation to us after we are dead, because we are not fond of thinking of death at all. We shrink equally from the contemplation of that fatal event or from any speculation on its consequences. The surviving ourselves in our pictures is but a poor consolation—it is rather adding mockery to calamity. The perpetuating our names in the wide page of history or to a remote posterity is a vague calculation, that takes out the immediate sting to mortality—whereas, we ourselves may hope to last (by a fortunate extension of the term of human life) almost as long as an ordinary portrait; and the wounds of lacerated friendship it heals must be still green, and our ashes scarcely cold. I think therefore that the looking forward to this mode of keeping alive the memory of what we were by lifeless hues and discoloured features, is not among the most approved consolations of human life, or favourite dalliances of the imagination.

Yet I own I should like some part of me, as the hair or even nails, to be preserved entire, or I should have no objection to lie like Whitfield in a state of petrification. This smacks of the bodily reality at least—acts like a deception to the spectator, and breaks the fall from this “warm, kneaded motion to a clod”—from that to nothing—to the person himself. I suspect that the idea of posthumous fame, which has so unwelcome a condition annexed to it, loses its general relish as we advance in life, and that it is only when we are young, that we pamper our imaginations with this bait, with a sort of impunity. The reversion of immortality is then so distinct, that we may talk of it without much fear of entering upon possession: death is itself a fable—a sound that dies upon our lips; and the only certainty seems the only impossibility. Fame, at that romantic period, is the first thing in our mouths, and death the last in our thoughts.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

(Europ. Mag.)

HARP of the Zezhyr! whose last breath
Thy tender string moving, is felt by thee;—
Harp of the whirlwind; whose fearfullest roar
Can arouse thee to nought but harmony.
The leaf that curls upon youth's warm hand,
Hath not a more sensitive soul than thou;
Yet the spirit that's in thee, unharm'd, can withstand
The blast that shivers the stout oak bough.
When thankless flowers in silence bend,
Thou hailest the freshness of heaven with song;
When forests the air with their howlings rend,
Thou soothest the storm as it raves along.
Yes;—thine is the magic of friendship's bow'r,
That holiest temple of all below;
Thou hast accents of bliss for the calmest hour,
But a heav'nlier note for the season of woe.
Harp of the breeze! whether gentle or strong,
When shall I feel thy enchantment again?
Hark! hark!—e'en the swell of my own wild song
Hath awaken'd a mild responsive strain!
It is not an echo—'tis far too sweet
To be born of a lay so rude as mine;
But, Oh! when terror and softness meet
How pure are the hues of the wreath they twine!
Thus the breath of my rapture hath swept thy chords
And fill'd them with music, alas! not its own,
Whose witchery tells but how much my words,
Though admiring, have wrong'd that celestial tone.
I hear it,—I hear it,—now fitfully swelling,
Like a chorus of seraphim earthward hieing!
And now—as in search of a loftier dwelling—
The voices away, one by one, are dying!

Heaven's own harp ! save angel-fingers,
 None should dare open thy mystic treasures ;
 Farewel ; for each note on mine ear still lingers,
 And mine may not mingle with thy blest measures.

(Lit. Gaz.)

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way."

Poor Tom ! He is gone, and the tongue that could once set the cock-pit in a roar, is silent now for ever ! He died bravely in the service of his country, and has left a memorial in the hearts of all who knew him, which time can never efface. The wailings of distress had only to reach his ear, when his hand, his purse, were at the disposal of the suppliant. Poor Tom ! I have shed many a tear to thy memory ; nor do I consider it a weakness that my eyes are at this moment moistened by the overflowings of affectionate remembrance. We had embarked in the navy on the same day, and in the same ship,—had endured together the many tricks to which all green-horns are exposed at their first introduction to the midshipman's berth. We were watch-mates, and shared the secrets of each other's heart. Oh, how often, at the midnight hour, have we gazed at the full round moon pictured on the bosom of the azure wave, and wiled away the midwatch in painting scenes of future glory ; or, looking towards our own home-shore, thinking on those we'd left behind. Fancy, delusive most where warmest wishes are, would lead us on in a romantic dream of sweet delight, known only to the young mariner ! There are some feelings of the human mind so exquisitely delicate in their nature, and yet so powerful in their operations, that as soon would the pulse of existence cease to beat, as those feelings cease to actuate the heart of man. The cherish'd remembrance of "Auld lang syne" dwells in the breast, and is as dear when only illuminated by the last rays of a declining sun, as when it bask'd in its meridian beam, and exulted in the glorious splendor.—"Hallo ! (you will say,) where is our Old Sailor bound to now ?—surely he is getting

out of his latitude." Mayhap I may be. May be ? no—I'm a child to this hour ; but one word 's as good as twenty, let me go on and spin my yarn upon my own winch.

Our ship was paid off, and all hands were drafted into other men of war, consequently a separation took place, and we lost sight of each other for some years. One day I was walking the deck, when the quarter-master of the watch informed me there was a boat coming alongside with a lieutenant in her ; and as our third had applied to be superseded, I made no doubt that this was the new luff-tackle coming to join us. But what was my pleasure on beholding between the white lapelles the smiling face of my old friend. A glow of inexpressible animation warm'd my heart ; but perhaps, thought I, promotion has alter'd him,—I drew back,—however he had caught sight of me, and the pressure of friendship told me in an instant Tom was the same honest, generous, open-hearted being I had ever found him. In a few days we sailed with the fleet for the Mediterranean, and were present at the glorious battle of the Nile. Poor Tom and I were stationed on the same deck, and never did mortal display more heroic bravery, more cool intrepidity ;—yet there was an indefinable expression at times in his look, as if some thought lay struggling in his breast and could not gain an utterance. Oh, what a day was that for England ! —The name of Nelson now has lost its charm ; yet are there some who can remember its magic influence on the seaman's mind—'twas emblazoned on the standard of Fame which waved the bright banner of Victory. I look sometimes at his funeral-car, and call to remembrance the time when a grateful country paid a just tribute to his memory. Well do I recollect the

countenances of the honest tars who pass'd in succession his last remains when lying in state,—part of the crew of the *Victory* : they had fought—they had conquer'd together,—and what can bind the tie of kindred stronger ?—All around us now was blood and flame,—the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying came mingled with the deafening roar of guns and hissing balls that struck us through and through. “This is glorious,”—said a little youngster, who had joined us for his trip previous to sailing,—“This will be glorious news for home.” He had got a twenty-four pound shot in his left arm, and was chalking on it. “What are you about ?” said I.—“I’m only writing a moving billet-doux to one of the enemy’s midshipmen, Sir. There, ’tis done, and now let’s put it in the post.” And so he claps it into the muzzle of the gun. “By my faith,” said a Paddy, bowing at the tackle, “but that’s a lawyer’s letter, with a double charge,—shoot aisey, and don’t be after doing mischief.”—“Hoot, hoot,” replied an old Scotchman, “it’s canonical law, then, and whoever stops its execution will have death without benefit of clairgy ; but I rather dement ’tis an epistol deadicatory to some body. Just at this moment a fresh ship of the enemy’s laid us athwart the bows, and opened a most tremendous fire—the midship guns came in heavily—most of their hands lay stretch’d upon the deck. Poor Will Ransom fell close to my feet,—he had raised himself up by one arm, and with the other supported the little midshipman, who had been struck by a grape-shot. “Oh, my mother—my poor mother !” said the lad,—struggled for a moment—and expired. I don’t know how it was, but I felt as if something was choking me—my heart was almost bursting ; but ’twas momentary—the angel Pity shuns the horrid scene of carnage and revenge,—revenge steels the heart against every feeling of humanity. Another heavy broadside shook us, and poor Tom fell into my arms,—a musket-ball had pierced his breast. I order’d some men to convey him to the cockpit, for I dared not quit my station, and from

that moment I lost every softer sensation of the mind. We were victorious ; and as soon as duty would permit, I hastened to my friend. The surgeon’s assistant was just quitting his cabin : “Another hour,” said he in a whisper, “and all will be over ; or it may be earlier.” He was sitting up in his cot, with his desk before him, attempting to write. A languid smile beam’d on his death-stricken countenance as I entered. “See, (said see,) I am performing the last duty to my parents, and to one—” here a convulsive spasm made him pause—“to one whom I had fondly hoped to call my own ;—’tis past—’tis over, and this heart will soon cease to beat, even with that feeling it will lose the latest.” I grasp’d his hand, but could not speak. He continued writing, finish’d his letters, and directed them, with the calmness and resignation of a Christian. “And now (said he) my friend, to your charge I commit these papers and my little property ; soften the anguish of a parent’s heart, and sooth the sorrows of the tender female. Tell them I have done my duty. This miniature was designed for—Oh !—Father of mercies ! spare—spare—” The surgeon enter’d. I supported his head upon my arm while a cordial was administering ;—he revived for a moment—placed the locket in my hand, —utter’d the name of “Matilda,”—breath’d short, and in broken whispers, “Father, into—into thy hands I—I commit my spirit,”—bowed his head upon my breast, and—he was no more. - - -

- - - The tide was setting very strong out of Portsmouth Harbour, and having received urgent orders to use expedition, I directed the coxswain to land me on South Sea Beach. The day was unusually fine, the garrison troops were manœuvring on the Common, and large parties of ladies and gentlemen, attracted by the beautiful scene which ever presents itself to the view, were strolling on the shore. The boat grounded, and instantly, with my despatches under my arm, my feet press’d the dear land of my nativity. Only those who have been absent from their native country can tell the thousand

delightful sensations, mingled with anxiety, which pervade the mind at once again treading upon British soil. Joy swell'd my heart, while tears started from my eyes. There is a degree of selfishness in our richest pleasures—an epicurean delight which seldom admits of a participation. At this moment I thought only of myself,—the next,—parents, brothers, sisters, all rush'd upon my memory. I should see them—hear their voices—grasp their hands—oh there was rapture in the idea! Pride, too, whispered, The despatches you carry contain certain recommendations to the higher powers for conduct in battle. “I have forgot it,” said I, feeling my pockets, “What shall I do!” For by this time I had walk'd some distance from the boat. “’Twas his last dying request—I’ll run back.” Accordingly I hastened my return, and was much surprised to find a crowd of people assembled near the spot. The coxswain ran to me: “Oh, Sir, she’s dead! I would willingly have given all my prize money to have saved her.” “Who’s dead?” (said I,) What do you mean? Jump into the boat, and bring the parcels and letters I have left there.”—“That’s it, Sir, (replied the poor fellow;) she took it up, and before I could prevent it, burst it open.” A gentleman now approached. “I believe, Sir, I am speaking to the officer of the——?” “You are, Sir; I hope no accident has happened; but I really cannot wait. Coxswain, fetch the parcels, and follow me to the Admiral’s office directly.” I delivered my despatches and was ordered to wait. Oh what torture, what anguish did I undergo for upwards of an hour; and when released flew to the spot;—but all were gone, and solemn stillness reigned around. I now remembered the orders given to the boat’s crew to come for me at the sallyport. Thither I hastened, and grasping the coxswain’s arm, “Where, where are they, (said I,) how came this accident to happen? be quick and do not trifle with me.”—“Oh, Sir! (replied the man,) she snatch’d up the letter, and was going to hand it over, when her eyes caught the direction: ‘It is for me,’ (said she,)

it is for me!’ Avast there, young woman, says I; but before I could get it away, she made sail, and then broke open the batches. I gave chase directly; but before I could come alongside, she uttered a piercing shriek, and dropt down dead.”—“Dead!” exclaimed I, my blood curdling with horror. “Dead,” repeated the man, with an involuntary shudder. At that moment I felt some one touch my arm: ’twas the person who had promised to bring me intelligence at the office. He drew me with him, and I followed almost unconscious of what I did. “Does she yet live?” said I. A convulsive sob was the only answer. We entered a neat but elegant house in —— street. Anguish was pictured on every countenance. An elderly gentleman approached, with his hand extended, but speech was denied him;—’twas my poor messmate’s father. My companion motioned me to be seated, but I continued standing; when an opposite door was thrown open—a female rush’d in, and threw her arms around my neck. “She lives! she lives!” said I; and pulling poor Tom’s picture instinctively from my pocket, held it to her view. She raised her head; I saw her features—’twas his sister. “Yes, (replied she,) Matilda still lives; come, come, you shall see her,” taking me by the arm; and before my companion could prevent it we were in the adjoining room. Oh what a scene was here! Upon a couch lay the beautiful, the accomplished, the amiable Matilda a living corpse! There is a certain stupefaction of the intellect, occasioned by a sudden depression from the height of joy to the abyss of sorrow, which can only be compared to death. My conductress, whose senses were much disordered, push’d me towards the couch. I stood—I gazed—alive to feeling, but as it were alive in marble, so fetter’d was every faculty of the body. She had shown no signs of returning animation, except her breath; her eyes were open, glaz’d, and fix’d. They were towards me, and unconsciously I raised my hand which held the portrait to my face. A momentary flash of recollection seem’d to return; she suddenly

sprung up, grasp'd my arm, snatch'd her head upon her bosom, murmur'd the fatal picture, gaz'd wistfully upon her lover's name, and breath'd her it—"Hark!" said she; then reclining last.

AN OLD SAILOR.

THE MISCELLANY.

(Mon. Nov.)

RACINE.

IT was from Euripides that Racine learned the art of moving the passions and, whatever gifts nature may have bestowed on the French nation, they have always been in need of models to form themselves by: for he who is always obliged to draw all from himself, never produces any thing great. The works of the ancients were familiar to the good writers of the age of Louis the Fourteenth; and it was by imitating the former that the latter became their equals.

LA HARPE.

This Frenchman had much learning and ingenuity, but I must object altogether to his want of candour. His hatred to England extended to English literature, which he vilified and traduced; pretending that our language was so poor, that the conditional tense cannot be expressed without a periphrase. It is certain that, with the assistance of those simple, significant, easy signs, *might, could, would, and should*, every complex variation of the Greek or Latin tense may be expressed. La Harpe undertook to criticise our English poets; what a mean and miserable work he made of it, may be gathered from the way in which he prints his extracts:—

"Seas roll to waft me."

"Be pleas'd with nothing is no bless'd with all."

"Tis ne where to be found, or ever where."

These extracts are taken from the "Essay on Man." M. La Harpe professes to examine, most critically, the beauties of these extracts, and pronounces accordingly; but no man has laid himself more open to animadversion. The above instances, indeed, convict him of the grossest and most palpable ignorance respecting our language.

THE FINE ARTS.

A knowledge of the fine arts may be said to open a sixth sense upon eve-

ry one who successfully cultivates them. The savage eats his food and falls asleep; the man of mere wealth does little more: but to those who seek pleasure in cultivating a taste for the fine arts, the pleasures of sense will appear but subordinate. Previous to the institution of the Royal Academy, we had no native artists of celebrity either in painting or sculpture,—Hogarth alone excepted. No sooner, however, was royal patronage extended to the fine arts, than a general feeling in their favour pervaded the kingdom, and the impulse thus given produced great exertions. The Royal Academy is not without its enemies, and some abuses may exist in the institution. Favouritism in accepting and disposing of the pictures is known to have been manifested. These are blemishes that should be remedied; but, taking into consideration the advantages which the institution offers to young artists, and the love of the arts which it has generated, and continues to preserve, we must be severe censors not to be to its faults a little blind.

JOHN ADAMS, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Mr. John Adams is mentioned in the Memoirs of Mr. Hollis, by Archdeacon Blackburne, as a man likely to act a great part, should a war ensue.

Mr. Adams came over to England, as minister-plenipotentiary from the United States of America, immediately after the ratification of the treaty of independence. As he, or rather his lady, had concerts and musical parties at his house, several of the friends of liberty, and I believe Mrs. Macauley among the rest, predicted but little good from luxurious enjoyments of this kind, which savoured rather of monarchical habits. But the ambassador, notwithstanding this, possessed republican habits, and on all occasions

evinced a certain simplicity of conduct and behaviour. As a proof of this, while in town he frequented the shop of a bookseller in Piccadilly almost daily; and was anxious to converse with the literary men who were accustomed to repair thither. He was also very anxious to keep up a familiar intercourse with all those who had supported the American cause. This led to an intimacy with Mr. Brand Hollis; and both he and Mrs. Adams paid visits to that gentleman, while residing at his seat at the Hyde, near Ingates-tone, in Essex.

A curious anecdote appears recorded in a loose memorandum, penned by his host, and discovered among his papers by his heir and executor, the late Dr. Dinsey, which shall be here transcribed, without either comment or remark. "I wish you, sir, to believe, (said the king to Mr. Adams, at his first visit,) and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty I owed my people. I will be very frank with you, sir: I was the last to consent to the separation being made, but, that having been inevitable, I have already said, and I say now, that I will be the last to disturb the independence of the United States, or in any way infringe their rights.

Mr. Adams's conduct, during his mission to Europe, and indeed during the whole contest, was so much approved of by his countrymen, that they voted to him, in succession, the highest honours which a free state can bestow on a patriot citizen. The following very able, but extraordinary, letter, was transmitted by him to Mr. Brand Hollis, while on his way to America with his wife.

*Fountain Inn, Portsmouth,
April 5, 1788.*

My dear Sir,—If there ever was any philosophic solitude, your two friends have found it in this place; where they have been wind-bound a whole week, without a creature to speak to. Our whole business, pleasure, and amusement, has been reading Necker's "Religious opinions," Hayley's "Old Maids," and Cumberland's fourth "Observer." Our whole stock is now exhausted; and, if the ship should not arrive

with a fresh supply of books, we shall be obliged to write romances, to preserve us from melancholy.

I know not whether Atheism has made great progress in England; and perhaps, &c.

At this moment, there is a greater fermentation throughout Europe upon the subject of government, than was perhaps ever known at any former period. France, Holland, and Flanders are alive to it. Is government a science, or not? Are there any principles on which it is founded? What are its ends? If, indeed, there is no rule or standard, all must be ascribed to chance. If there is a standard, what is it? It is easier to make a people discontented with a bad government, than to teach them how to establish and maintain a good one. Liberty can never be created and preserved without a people; and by a people, I mean a complete people, in contradistinction from the gentlemen: and a people can never be created and preserved without an executive authority on one hand, separated entirely from the body of the gentlemen. The two ladies, Aristocratia and Democratia, will eternally pull caps, until one or other is victorious. If the first is the conqueror, she never fails to depress and debase her rival into the most deplorable servitude. If the last conquers, she eternally surrenders herself into the arms of a ravisher.

Kings, therefore, are the natural allies of the common people, and the prejudices against them are by no means favourable to liberty. Kings, and the common people, have both an enemy in the gentlemen; and they must unite, in some degree or other, against them, or both will be destroyed; the one dethroned, and the other enslaved. The common people, too, are unable to defend themselves against their own ally the king, without another ally in the gentlemen. It is, therefore, indispensably necessary, that the gentlemen in a body, or by representative, should be an independent and essential branch of the constitution. By a king, I mean a single person, possessed of the whole executive power.

You have often said to me, that it is difficult to preserve the balance. This is true: it is difficult to preserve liberty. But there can be no liberty without some balance; and it is certainly easier to preserve a balance of three branches than of two. If the people cannot preserve a balance of three branches, how is it possible for them to preserve one of two only? If the people of England find it difficult to preserve their balance at present, how would they do if they had the election of a King and a House of Lords to make once a-year, or once in seven years, as well as of a House of Commons? It seems evident, at first blush, that periodical elections of the King and Peers in England, in addition to the Commons, would produce agitations that might destroy all order and safety, as well

as liberty. The gentlemen, too, can never defend themselves against a brave and united common people, but by an alliance with a king; nor against a king, without an alliance with the common people. It is the insatiability of human passions that is the foundation of all government. Men are not only ambitious, but their ambition is unbounded; they are not only avaricious, but their avarice is insatiable. The desires of kings, gentlemen, and common people, all increase, instead of being satisfied, with indulgence. This fact being allowed, it will follow, that it is necessary to place checks upon them all. I am, &c.

Thomas B. Hollis. esq. JOHN ADAMS.

Here follow some passages from another, addressed to the same gentleman:

I wish I could write romances. True histories of my wanderings, and waiting for ships and winds, at Ferrol and Corunna, in Spain; at Nantes, L'Orient, and Brest, in France; at Helvoet, the Island of Goree, and Over Hackee, in Holland; and at Harwich, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, in England; would make very entertaining romances in the hands of a good writer.

It is very true, as you say, that "royal despots endeavour to prevent the science of government from being studied." But it is equally true, that aristocratical despots, and democratical despots too, endeavour to retard the study with equal success. The aristocracies in Holland, Poland, Venice, Bern, &c. are inexorable to the freedom of enquiry in religion, but especially in politics, as the monarchies of France, Spain, Prussia, or Russia. It is in mixed governments only that political toleration subsists; and in Needham's "Excellencies of a Free State, or right Constitution," the majority would be equally intolerant. Every unbalanced power is intolerant.

P.S.—Mrs. Adams and I have been to visit Carisbroke Castle, once the prison of the booby Charles. "At what moment did Cromwell become ambitious?" is a question I have heard asked in England. I answer, before he was born. He was ambitious every moment of his life. He was a canting dog: I hate him for his hypocrisy; but I think he had more sense than his friends. He saw the necessity of three branches, as I suspect. If he did, he was perfectly right in wishing to be a king. I do not agree with those who impute to him the whole blame of an unconditional restoration. They were the most responsible for it who obstinately insisted on the abolition of monarchy. If they would have concurred in a rational reform of the Constitution, Cromwell would have joined them.

The following letter was addressed to the same correspondent, after he had crossed the Atlantic, and re-visited the country that had given him birth.

Braintree, near Boston, Dec. 3, 1788.

My dear Friend,—If I had been told, at my first arrival, that five months would pass before I should write a line to Mr. Brand Hollis, I should not have believed it. I found, my estate, in consequence of a total neglect and inattention on my part for fourteen years, was falling into decay, and in so much disorder, as to require my whole attention to repair it. I have a great mind to essay a description of it. It is not large, in the first place: it is but the farm of a patriot. But there are in it two or three spots from whence are to be seen some of the most beautiful prospects in the world. I wish that the Hyde was within ten miles, or that Mr. Brand Hollis would come and build a Hyde near us. I have a fine meadow, that I would christen by the name of Hollis Mead, if it were not too small. The hill where I now live is worthy to be called Hollis-hill; but, as only a small part of the top belongs to me, it is doubtful whether it would succeed. There is a fine brook runs through a meadow by my house; shall I call it Hollis-brook?

What shall I say to you of public affairs? The increase of population is wonderful. The plenty of provisions of all kinds amazing; and cheap in proportion to their abundance, and the scarcity of money, which certainly is very great.

* * * * *

The elections for the new government have been determined very well, hitherto, in general. You may have the curiosity to ask what your friend is to have? I really am at a loss to guess. The probability, at present, seems to be, that I shall have no lot in it. I am in the habit of balancing every thing: in one scale is vanity, in the other comfort. Can you doubt which will preponderate? In public life, I have found nothing but the former; in private life, I have enjoyed much of the latter.

I regret the loss of the booksellers' shops, and the society of the few men of letters that I knew in London. In all other respects, I am happier, and better accommodated here.

In 1789, Mr. Adams was elected vice-president; soon after which, he wrote a letter to Mr. B. Hollis, dated "Boston, October 28, 1789," in which he states that—

This town has been wholly employed in civilities to the President for some days, and greater demonstrations of confidence and affection (adds he) are not, cannot be, given, in your quarter of the globe to their adored crowned heads. My country has assigned to me a station, which requires constant attention and painful labour; but I shall go through it with cheerfulness, provided my health can be preserved in it. There is a satisfaction in living with our be-

loved chief, and so many of our venerable patriots, that no other country, and no other office in this country, could afford me.

What is your opinion of the struggle in France? Will it terminate happily? Will they be able to form a constitution? You know that, in my political creed, the word liberty is not the thing; nor is resentment, revenge, and rage, a constitution, nor the means of obtaining one. Revolution, perhaps, can never be effected without them; but men should always be careful to distinguish an unfortunate concomitant of the means from the means themselves, and especially not to mistake the means for the end.

In his next, dated New York, June 1, 1790, he observes,—

I am situated on the majestic banks of the Hudson,—in comparison with which your Thames is but a rivulet,—and surrounded by all the beauties and sublimities of nature. Never did I live on so delightful a spot. I would give—what would I not give, to see you here?

Your library, and your cabinets of elegant and costly curiosities, would be an addition to such a situation, which would in this country attract the curiosity of all. In Europe they are lost to the crowd. Come over, and purchase a paradise here; and be the delight and admiration of a new world. Marry one of our fine girls, and leave a family to do honour to human nature, when you can no longer do it in person. Franklin is no more; and we have lately trembled for Washington. Thank God, he is recovered from a dangerous sickness, and is likely now to continue many years. His life is of vast importance to us.

Is there any probability of England's being able to carry off her distempers? I wish her well and prosperous, but I wish she would adopt the old maxim, "live and let live."

Will there be a complete revolution in Europe, both in religion and government? Where will the foremost passions and principles lead, and in what will they end? In more freedom and humanity, I am clear; but when, or how?

I am, &c.

In his next letter, dated from New York, only ten days after, he returns to the consideration of this subject:—

The great revolution in France is wonderful, but not supernatural. The hand of Providence is in it, I doubt not; working, however, by natural and ordinary means, such as produced the reformation in religion in the sixteenth century. That all men have one common nature, is a principle which will now universally prevail; and equal rights, and equal duties will, in a just sense, I hope be inferred from it. But equal ranks and equal property never can be inferred from it, any

more than equal understanding, agility, vigor, or beauty.

I am delighted with Dr. Price's sermon on patriotism. But there is a sentiment or two which I should explain a little. He guards his hearers or readers, very judiciously, against the extremes of adulation and contempt. "The former is the extreme (he says,) to which mankind in general have been very prone."

The generality of rulers have treated men as your English horse-jockies treat their horses,—convinced them first that they were their masters, and next that they were their friends; at least, they have pretended to do so. Mankind have, I agree behaved too much like horses,—been rude, wild, and mad, until they were mastered; and then been too tame, gentle, and dull.

I think our friend should have stated it thus:—The great and perpetual distinction in civilized societies has been between the rich,—who are few; and the poor,—who are many. When the many are masters, they are too unruly; and then the few are too tame, and afraid to speak out the truth. The few have most art and union, and therefore have generally prevailed in the end. The inference of wisdom from these premises is, that neither the rich or the poor should ever be suffered to be masters. They should have equal power to defend themselves; and, that their power may be always equal, there should be an independent mediator between them,—always ready, always able, and always interested, to assist the weakest. Equal laws can never be made or maintained without this balance. You see, I still hold fast my scales, and weigh every thing in them. The French must finally become my disciples, or rather the disciples of Zeno; or they will have no equal laws, no personal liberty, no property, no lives.

In this country the pendulum has vibrated. * * * * *

France has severe trials to endure from the same cause. Both have found, or will find, that to place property at the mercy of a majority who have no property, is—*committere agnum lupo*. My fundamental maxim of government is—never trust the lamb to the custody of the wolf.

Towards the latter end of November, 1790, Mr. Adams, together with all his family, removed to Back-hill, near Philadelphia; except his son, John-Quincy, who was bred to the bar, and at that time practised as a counsellor at Boston. In a short letter to Mr. B. Hollis, immediately before his departure, he expresses himself thus:—

This country, too, is as happy as it deserves to be. A perfect calm and contentment reigns in every part. The new gov-

ernment enjoys 'as much of the confidence of the people as it ought to enjoy ; and has undoubtedly greatly promoted their freedom, prosperity, and happiness.

We are very anxious for the cause of liberty in France, but are apprehensive that their constitution cannot preserve their union. Yet we presume not to judge for them, when will be the proper time, and what the method of introducing the only adequate remedy against competitions. You know what I mean.

Mrs. Adams,* also, was the occasional correspondent of the subject of this memoir ; and a few passages from one of her letters, dated New York, Sept. 6, 1790, shall here be transcribed.

My dear Sir,—If my heart had not done you more justice than my pen, I would disown it. I place the hours spent at the Hyde among some of the most pleasurable of my days, and I esteem your friendship as one of the most valuable acquisitions that I made in your country,—a country that I should most sincerely rejoice to visit again, if I could do it without crossing the ocean.

I have a situation here, which for natural beauty may vie with the most delicious spot I ever saw. It is a mile and a half distant from the city of New York. The house is situated upon an eminence ; at an agreeable distance flows the Hudson, bearing upon her bosom the fruitful productions of the adjacent country. On my right hand are fields, beautifully variegated with grass and grain to a great extent, like the valley of Honiton, in Devonshire. Upon my left, the city opens to view, intercepted here and there by a rising ground, and an ancient oak. In front, beyond the Hudson, the Jersey shores present an exuberance of rich well-cultivated soil. The venerable oaks, and broken ground covered with wild shrubs, which surround me, give a natural beauty to the spot, which is truly enchanting. A lovely variety of birds serenade me morning and evening, rejoicing in their liberty and scarcity ; for I have as much as possible prohibited the grounds from invasion ; and sometimes almost wished for game-laws, when my orders have not been sufficiently regarded. The partridge, the wood-cock, and the pigeon, are too great temptations to the sportsman to withstand. How greatly would it contribute to my happiness to welcome here my much esteemed friend. It is true we have a large portion of the blue-and-gold, of which you used to remind me, when you thought me an Egyptian ; but, however I might hanker after the good things of America, I have been sufficiently taught to value and esteem other countries besides my own.

* Mrs. Adams's maiden name Abigail. Twice married, I believe.

You were pleased to inform us, that your adopted family flourished in your soil ; mine has received an addition. Mrs. Smith, Mr. Adams's daughter, and the wife of Colonel W. Smith, respecting the name of the great literary benefactor of her native state, and, in grateful remembrance of the friendly attention and patriotic character of his present successor, has named her new-born son, Thomas-Hollis.

Our government acquires confidence, strength, and stability, daily. Peace is in our borders, and plenty in our dwellings ; we earnestly pray that the kindling flames of war, which appear to be bursting out in Europe, may by no means be extended to this rising nation. We enjoy freedom in as great a latitude as is consistent with our security and happiness. God grant that we may rightly estimate our blessings.

Pray remember me in an affectionate manner to Dr. Price and Mrs. Jebb ; and be assured, my dear sir, that I am, with every sentiment of love and esteem,

Yours, &c.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

BAYLE.

Bayle, perhaps with too much severity, pretends that whoever does not understand Greek cannot call himself a learned man. At present, among those who assume that name, how many are there who scarcely understand Latin ! A romance, or any work of fiction, are by the authors of them thought sufficient titles to this appellation.

BEEES.

Our cruel mode of taking honey by destroying the innocent and beautiful insects that produce it, can no longer be defended by the plea of necessity. A late traveller in the northern part of India describes the following easy method by which the honey-gatherers there effect their purpose. A hollow tree, or an earthen pot, is built in the wall of a house, or out-house, with apertures externally ; through which the bees enter and go out. The internal end of this hive can be opened or shut at pleasure by various simple contrivances ; a sliding door is one. When the hive is full, and the honey is to be taken, a great noise is made at the inner extremity. This drives the bees out ; the valve is then closed, and the honey is taken out by the sliding-door. The superior part of our readers will doubtless take a pleasure in communicating this easy mode of avoiding cruelty to those whom the information might not otherwise reach.

(Europ. Mag.)

THE BLIND WIDOW'S SON.

"What stuff is this? Marry, a tale of love."

Old Play.

"Why did you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?"

William and Margaret.

THERE is something in a country funeral peculiarly affecting. In my frequent journeys through England I have never witnessed a mourning group, winding its sad and solemn way to the neighbouring church-yard, without feeling my sympathy awakened, and my curiosity aroused, to know the character and the calling of him or her, whose death had left a blank in the village circle. In a populous city there are so many things to divide our attention that the loss of an acquaintance is scarcely felt beyond the day; his place is quickly filled, and he is soon forgotten; but it is far otherwise in the rustic society of a country village, where a few are linked together, and, from their constant intercourse, often beget a friendship which is rarely to be found in the haunts of the busy town. They assemble at their evening clubs to canvass the affairs of their little commonwealth, or to hear the news of the great world; from the cares of which they are happily excluded. They smile with good nature at each other's foibles; and he that can sing the best song, and tell the best story, is placed in the chair of honour: no one is happier than he. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that if a link drop from such a social chain it is felt as a general calamity by those who survive its loss.

I was last autumn on a journey in the West of England, when I overtook, on a lonely bye-road, a funeral, the appearance of which was so touching and romantic that I willingly became one of the mourning train. The body was supported by four young men; and over the plain oak coffin were scattered the freshest and the sweetest blossoms of the season. The curate of the neighbouring village walked before the humble hearse: he was a tall venerable man, and his counte-

nance bespoke an elevated cast of thought; "mild, pale, and penetrating," like the monk of Sterne, he seemed to soar above the commonplace occurrences of life, and to fix his hope of happiness on the kingdom of his Heavenly Father. I soon learned that the deceased was a youth whose amiable disposition had gained him the love of all who knew him; and, in the course of my inquiries, I gleaned his brief story, together with the cause of his premature death, which I mean to detail when I have described his funeral. The chief mourner was the mother of him whose remains we followed; there was something inexpressible touching in her mute sorrow. She was stone blind; and was led by her last surviving child, a thin, sickly girl, who sobbed bitterly. The tears of her poor mother fell fast from her sightless eyes, as she grasped the arm of her only prop, as if she feared that death would snatch her also, and leave her quite desolate in a dark world. A group of young maidens, decked in white, with black ribbons, followed next, and each of them carried a basket of flowers, to strew upon the grave. The old standards of the village, among whom I mingled, brought up the rear. I knew them all by appearance: there was the barber, with his brisk air, and his chin new shorn. The exciseman was not to be mistaken, with his ruby nose, and his official gait; nor was it difficult to discern Mr. Boniface, who waddled on at the side of a tall thin figure, whose suit of time-worn sables, and time-worn countenance, proclaimed the village doctor. A troop of minor characters filled the back ground of the picture. We soon halted at the church-yard, where the old grey-headed sexton leaning on his spade, stood ready to receive us. The church was a little gothic structure of the last

century; and its antiquated turret, from which the bell was tolling for the soul of the departed, was time-worn, and clad with ivy to the top. The dates on the moss-covered tomb-stones referred, in general, to an age gone by, and to persons who had long since "shuffled off this mortal coil," and were now forgotten.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from its straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

The interment was conducted with every mark of sorrow and respect. Indeed, I seldom witnessed a more affecting scene. The funeral service was read by the worthy curate with much solemnity and grace; added to his impressive appearance, there was a tremulous emotion in his voice, which gave the best effect to the beautiful and simple language that he uttered. The spectators were all affected, even to tears; and I observed that the old sexton himself, as he heaped the clay upon the coffin, shared in the general sorrow; but the poor blind mother was the object of undivided pity and attention. She had stood beside the grave in the fixed posture of despair, till she heard the loose earth falling on the coffin, and the solemn words, "dust to dust" met her ear. It was then that "the iron had entered into her soul;" the lethargy of sorrow dissolved as a dream, and she awoke to the heart-rending reality of her desolate condition; but, prepared as I might have been for the burst of sorrow which followed, I was both surprised and shocked when, with an energy of which I thought her feeble frame incapable, she flung herself on the yet unfinished grave, and raising her sightless eyes and her withered hands to Heaven, in the action of prayer, she exclaimed with a fearful earnestness, "May the curse of God light upon you and your's, Jane Merton, for robbing the widow of her son; may misfortune make your home desolate, and disease prey upon your heart; may the scourge—" but the minister of mercy interposed between her and the object of her curse before it was completed; he raised her gently from the ground, and mildly ex-

postulated her to patience; the service being now concluded, he led her away.

It may be naturally supposed, that this unusual termination to the affecting ceremony, raised within me a strong curiosity to learn by what strange fatality the deceased came by his death. At first I supposed, as I heard that witches were common in that part of the country, that the young man had fallen a victim to a spell, and that Jane Merton was the weird woman who had supplied the wicked means. This, to be sure, was not a very probable conjecture, but on inquiry I found that, magic excepted, it did not fall very short of the truth. The following particulars I picked up here and there during my short stay in the village of M—.

It seemed that the young man, whose interment I witnessed, was of a delicate constitution, and a melancholy turn of mind. From all that I could learn of him, he must have been one of those beings, all soul and sentiment, that we sometimes meet with, who appear to be formed of a finer clay, and to be cast in a more perfect mould than the every-day creatures of the world. He was a wonderful admirer of nature; and his delight was to wander alone in the fields to indulge his meditations. He held but little communication with the young men of the village, yet he was neither dark nor distant; and to his blind mother he was a dutiful and affectionate son. But he seemed to derive his chief pleasure from his lonely musings; perhaps, from the consciousness that he could find no kindred spirit to participate in his feelings. At this period the only daughter of Major Merton, a gentleman of considerable wealth in the neighbourhood, having finished her education at a fashionable boarding-school, returned home. Nature had made her a very lovely young woman; but she was vain, fond of conquest, and possessed very little feeling. It is true she could weep at a pathetic story, and she was never at a loss for a pretty sentiment; but the current of her mind ran cold, although an occasional sun-beam might seem to light its surface. In an unlucky hour her beauty

caught the eye of the too sensitive boy, and he stood mutely gazing at her as she passed him in her father's carriage: he had never seen such loveliness before. She rose to his sight like the beautiful creation of a blissful dream; the realized vision of his brightest imaginings. He had long sighed for an object to which he could turn with confidence, and breathe the hopes and wishes, the fancies and conceptions, with which his soul was teeming, and here he fancied he had found that being. The difference of wealth and station never once occurred; or, if it did, it melted away before the fervour of his hopes. His spirit seemed to receive a new impulse: he became more active and less abstracted; the tide of his thoughts no longer spread itself over the face of nature, to wander unconfined amid its boundless beauties; it narrowed at once and directed its course to one object. He haunted Major Merton's grounds from morning till night, and returned too happy to have snatched a passing glance at the form of his beloved. The young lady, like most young ladies, was not slow in remarking the conquest she had made; and although her ambition suggested that her lover was neither rich nor noble, her vanity was gratified by the mute homage of her lowly swain. There was something she thought delightfully romantic in the matter, and she resolved *pour passer le temps*, to favour his addresses. She was deeply read in novels and romances; not the compositions of this description of the present day, in which good sense and propriety are in general to be found, but the loose productions of the French school, which too often find their way into fashionable seminaries. Her maid, too, who shared her entire confidence, was no stranger to intrigue. The affair was conducted with all imaginable secrecy and caution. The usual means were resorted to; a note was dropped, and an assignation appointed. But who can pant the raptures of the happy lover, when, trembling, confused, and unable to articulate, he stood before the object of his love? In short, the poor youth became the dupe to his credulity, and

gave up his entire soul to a passion the most delicate and refined. The artful girl, with the aid of her worthless confidant, left no means untried to effect her purpose. She soon observed that her rustic lover was a perfect child of nature, a creature of sentiment and feeling; and she framed her discourse to suit with the turn of his mind. The beauties and the wonders of nature presented an ample field, and her education afforded her the means of discoursing to advantage on these matters. When thus engaged how eagerly would the unenlightened boy "devour her discourse," how fondly drink

"The dear, delicious poison of her tongue."

At first, he was timid, shy, and diffident; but he gradually became tender, impassioned and eloquent; yet still, in all his words and actions, with the pure feeling inseparable from true love, he preserved the most perfect respect towards the object of his passion. He viewed her as a being of a pure and exalted nature, a bright intellectual spirit, in the light of whose presence it was bliss to stand; the music of whose voice it was rapture to hear. A grove on her father's grounds was the happy place where they met; and here, one evening, the enamoured youth ventured to give vent to his full heart, in a free confession of the passion that swayed his every thought, and gave life and vigor to his mounting hopes. The young lady appeared surprised and offended, she blushed and bit her lips; and then with a heartless levity, she laughed in his face, and asked him, if he could really suppose that her condescension was ever meant to have such a tendency? She then desired him, since his presumption had led him so far, never more to think of meeting her again; and with the air of offended dignity left him and returned to her home. The unhappy young man could scarcely credit his hearing; he appeared lost and bewildered; his heart seemed to sink within him, and a cold chill shot through his frame; he flung himself on the damp earth, where he lay in a state of insensibility till long after midnight, when he arose in a cold shiver, and, rather from habit

than choice, he returned to his mother's dwelling,

"In hopeless, helpless, brokenness of heart."

A fever of the brain was the immediate consequence of his damp bed, and the excess of his feelings; and, in his ravings, the frequent repetition of the name of his fair destroyer, but too well disclosed the cause of his disorder. In this state he continued for some time, till the fever gradually abated, and he sunk into a calm; but, though nature had conquered the disease, the poison of despair was not to be eradicated. In time he left his bed, and he once more wandered in the fields, but it was clear his reason was impaired; he no longer stood to contemplate the Heavens,

"Like some entranced and visionary seer."

Nor would he stoop, as he was wont to do, and pluck the wild blossoms that sprung up in his path, to admire the minuteness of their beauty. Pale, wasted, and woe-begone, he strayed from

place to place, apparently unconscious that the sun was beaming in the sky, the flowers blooming in his way, and the birds singing around him. It was feared while he continued in this state that he would have attempted suicide, and some of the young men of the village agreed in turn to watch him at a distance; but although he had witnessed the total wreck of his fondest hopes; though life to him was a cheerless blank, and death the only good or hope he could pray for, his spirit was too weak to contemplate self-destruction; indeed he was hastening to the grave in a way as certain, though less speedy. The essence of life appeared to evaporate by degrees from his wasted body, till at last a single sigh would seem to be sufficient to dissolve the union; and so it was. One calm evening he lay down on the fatal spot where he had last saw the object of his unhappy passion, and, with his arms folded across his breast, he breathed his last, as he faintly articulated her name.

(Lit. Gaz.)

MILLINGTON'S PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Concluded.

Laws of Motion—The Pendulum—Weights and Measures.

IN our last we abridged and placed in one short comprehensive view the theory of the *Properties of Matter*. The Science of Mechanics is but an extended consideration of these properties, whether referring to solids or fluids, or to the subdivisions of the latter into elastic and non-elastic, such as Pneumatics, which consider the mechanical properties of air, and Hydrostatics, which examine water and all other fluids of little or no elasticity.

In his second section, Mr. Millington enters upon the discussion of these subjects, and expounds the laws of weight and motion: detailing at the same time the experiments by which their truth is demonstrated, and illustrating them by figures. He incidentally mentions that the motion of the earth's surface in the latitude of London is 950 feet in a second from the west towards the east.

There is in this part a plain and in-

telligible explanation of the Pendulum; and it is stated,

--- "A straight-grained rod of deal split in the direction of its fibres and free from knots is found less subject to change its length, with different degrees of heat, than any other known substance, and is therefore very frequently used for pendulum rods, but among the best and most elaborate contrivances for the same purpose are the grid-iron pendulum, (so called from the parallel situation of its bars) and the mercurial pendulum invented by the late celebrated Mr. George Graham, and described by him in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1736. ---

"Since the pendulum requires a steady suspension, it becomes impossible to make use of it at sea in the chronometers that are used for determining longitude. These instruments must therefore be made with balances, such as are applied to common watches, ex-

cept that they are so formed of brass and steel, as to answer the purpose of the compound or gridiron pendulum; for the balance of a watch performs the same part as the pendulum in a clock, and while such balance maintains an equal diameter in all temperatures, its beats in equal arcs will be isochronal or equal timed; such contrivances as produce this end are called *Compensation Balances*, but the difficulty is to maintain vibrations in equal arcs on account of the unequal action of the spring and wheels, and hence the use of *detached escapements*, or such as are so far cut off from the regular train of wheel-work as to be subject only to a momentary and equal impulse, instead of a continued and irregular one. The balance is however in no case so good as the pendulum, on account of its requiring a spring to produce its retrograde motion, and the necessity which exists of making it small, to avoid weight and consequent friction, and *vis inertiae*: by being small its vibrations are frequent, and of course, if not perfectly isochronous a great and multiplied irregularity must be produced in the going of the machine to which it is attached, and from this and similar sources arise the great difficulties of constructing perfect chronometers for maritime purposes."

Mr. M. now comes to another subject of great general interest, and one which will probably occupy the legislature in the next Session of Parliament.

"Before dismissing the subject of the pendulum (says he,) it may not be amiss to offer a few observations on the nature of Weights and Measures, and the means of procuring standards of reference for examining their correctness, because the pendulum seems to offer the most simple and convenient means of obtaining this end. The qualifications for such standards are that they should be simple and obtainable by any one who may be desirous of using them, so as to form a new and correct standard without recurrence to any former one which may have been lost or destroyed; and they must not be subject to wear, or to increase or diminish their dimensions by tempera-

ture or any other cause: a little consideration will show that weights must be dependent upon measures, for it is impossible to form any body into a weight without reference to its dimensions. The terms pound or ounce carry no specific ideas of their extent of weight to persons previously unacquainted with them; but if it is stated that four cubic inches of cast iron of a particular specific gravity will be equal in weight to a pound, or that a cubic foot of pure and distilled rain water weighs 1000 ounces, then such weights may be immediately formed by any one in possession of measures, and of course a standard lineal measure becomes of the utmost importance, as from it, weights to any extent may be determined.

"Nothing could be more vague and unsatisfactory than the mode of determining primitive measures in England, either from vegetable productions or parts, or actions of the human body, all of which must be liable to variation from a variety of causes; and yet we find that our inch was derived from three barley-corns laid end to end; and by an act of Henry III. cap. 51, it is ordained, that in order to regulate the weights of the realm, that quantity of metal which will balance 32 grains of dry wheat picked from the midst of the ear shall be called a pennyweight, that 20 such pennyweights shall make an ounce, and 12 ounces a pound; eight pounds of wine is by the same authority made a gallon, and eight gallons a bushel, and so on for larger weights and measures. Now as the large weights arise out of the multiplication of the primitive standards, viz. the grains of wheat which must vary with the soils and seasons in which they are produced, as well as their degree of dryness, it follows that such weights must be uncertain and undefined, besides which, a weight or measure ought in no case to be derived from a multiplication of its smallest foundation, since this may vary in too small a degree to be perceptible, while the multiplication of the error, however small, will produce a great difference in large quantities. To obviate this difficulty, the gyrd of the Saxons, which corres-

ponds with our yard, was probably introduced as a proper measure of unity, and fathoms, furlongs, and miles, were made multiples of the yard, while the foot, the span, the palm, and the inch, might be considered as the fractional parts of it. But in all these measures no certainty existed since the yard was determined by Henry I. to be the length of his own arm, while the foot, the cubit, the ulna or ell, the palm, the span, the hand, and many others are evidently derived from the dimensions of the human body. It was not, however, until the time of Henry VII. that any decisive measures were taken about obtaining more accurate weights and measures than had theretofore been in use, but an ordinance was then made, that a set of the most accurate and esteemed weights and measures should be collected and lodged in the Exchequer, as standards for the whole country to abide by, and with which all future weights and measures should be compared and examined. This regulation has been preserved and attended to ever since, and duplicates of the standards have been made with the greatest care and exactitude, and are deposited at the Tower, with the Royal Society, and in other places of security, to guard against the possibility of one set being lost or deranged.

"Notwithstanding these precautions it is not impossible that by some great event the whole of these standards may be lost, and if this were the case, as they are arbitrary measures, it would be impossible to renew them with certainty unless some standard of comparison were established, and the only means which appear to offer themselves are, the mensuration of a degree of a great circle of the earth, or the length of the pendulum. - -

"The French nation thought proper to adopt the former process, and after a series of most laborious and accurate observations, carried on for many years by their first mathematicians, ascertained that a quadrant of meridian extending from the pole to the equator measured 5130740 toises, the ten millionth part of which was afterwards definitively decreed by the Legislative Body to be the *Metre* or standard of

unity, upon which they were to form all their other measures whether greater or less. This metre accords pretty nearly with the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds, and may be considered as the present yard of the French, and as it ascends decimally, the next step or degree becomes the perch or decametre, the next the mile or kilometre, and then the myriametre or league. - - -

"The manner of using a pendulum to obtain a standard of measurement is simple, for it has been ascertained that although the sun performs an apparent journey round the earth from east to west in every 24 hours, with some irregularity, yet the stars do the same thing once in 23 hours 56 minutes with the greatest regularity, thus constituting the difference between a solar and a sidereal day. If then a small telescope be firmly and immoveably fixed against a wall in such a direction that any bright star may be seen through it, that star will pass the telescope once in every 23 hours 56 minutes, and if a clock be placed near it, having a pendulum beating seconds, that clock will indicate the above portion of time between every transit of the star provided its pendulum be of the right length, and if not, it must be lengthened or shortened until it does keep time with it, which in the same latitude it can only do when it is of one particular length. A standard of length would thus be obtained, which might at any time be resorted to, and which might be made the *metre* or base upon which other measures could be constructed."

Captain Kater's admirably accurate methods are referred to on this important point; and it is added, "Having obtained an accurate standard of lineal admeasurement, solid measures, or measures of capacity, as well as weights, would arise out of it; and as pure rain water under equal temperatures, is less liable to a change of density and specific gravity than any other known substance, so it appears to be the best fitted for obtaining standard weights. A cube foot of pure water for instance weighs 1000 ounces, and either this measure, or the cube of

the length of the pendulum, or an aliquot part of it, might be taken as the standard or base upon which to form larger and smaller weights, the same being whole and not fractional parts of the first quantity, and taken at a certain point of the barometer and thermometer. In this or a similar manner might a series of measures and weights be established, which it would be in the power of any one to adjust or examine with an apparatus of small expense, and without any serious loss of time, while the weights and measures we at present possess and use are so very un-

certain as to afford no greater proof of their accuracy, than the reliance which is placed in the correctness of their makers, unless indeed they have undergone the ordeal of a comparison with the national standards, which can never be expected in the great number that are made and sold."*

"* N.B. To obtain very small weights, such as fractions of a grain, take a grain of fine copper or other wire, such as is used for piano fortes, and divide its length with a pair of compasses into the required number of parts, which may be cut off with scissors, and will come very near to the truth."

(Mon. Mag.)

THE ERL-KING.*

From the German.

BY GEORGE OLAUS BORROW.

Who is it that gallops so late on the wild !
O it is the father that carries the child !
He presses him close in his circling arm,
To save him from cold, and to shield him from harm.

"Dear baby, what makes you your countenance hide ?"
"Spur, father, your courser, and rowel his side ;
The Erl-king is chasing us over the heath."
"Peace, baby, thou seest a vapoury wreath."

'Dear boy, come with me, and I'll join in your sport,
And show ye the place where the fairies resort :
My mother, who dwells in the cool pleasant mine,
Shall clothe thee in garments so fair and so fine.'

"My father, my father, in mercy attend,
And hear what is said by the whispering fiend."
"Be quiet, be quiet, my dearly-lov'd child,
'Tis nought but the wind as it stirs on the wild."

'Dear baby, if thou wilt but venture with me,
My daughter shall dandle thy form on her knee ;
My daughter, who dwells where the moon-shadows play,
Shall lull ye to sleep with the song of the fay.'

"My father, and seest thou not
His sorceress daughter in yonder dark spot ?"
"I see something truly, thou dear little fool,—
I see the grey adders, that hang by the pool."

'Sweet baby, I doat on that beautiful form,
And thou shalt ride with me the wings of the storm,'
"O father, my father, he grapples me now,
And already has done me a mischief, I vow."

The father was terrified, onward he press'd,
And closer he cradled the child to his breast ;
And reach'd the far cottage, and, wild with alarm,
He found that the baby hung dead on his arm !

* By Goethe. For a translation by another hand, see *Ath.* vol. x. p. 154.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Lit. Gaz.)

JOURNAL OF A TEN MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN NEW-ZEALAND.

BY RICHARD A. CRUISE, CAPTAIN IN THE 8TH REGT.

A VIVID and somewhat painful interest is attached to the portion of our globe which Captain Cruise has made the subject of the volume now before us. There were many unknown particulars to develop, respecting the singular and savage people of New Zealand, and we rejoice to see the task undertaken by an author, whose intercourse with the natives lasted for so long a period as to afford him the desirable opportunities for observing their customs and manners. He has accordingly detailed many curious facts with which we were previously unacquainted, and added an entertaining page to the history of these cannibal tribes, who possess so fine a country, and whose habits partake of all that is terrible and hideous in the existence of man. Cunning and treacherous, cruel and bloody, we hardly know a race of human beings whose moral degradation marks lower upon the scale than that of the New Zealander; for, though superior in intellect to many of the aboriginal Africans, and now for years accustomed to European precepts and efforts at civilization, the traits which are unfolded present but one mass of base and horrid character. The present narrative places this melancholy truth in as strong a light as even the massacre of the Boyd's crew.

Mr. Marsden, the worthy missionary, and several chiefs of New Zealand (who had been at Sydney) were passengers in the vessel, which made a safe passage, and reached, in about ten days, the Bay of Islands. Here, says Captain C.—

"Before the ship was brought to, she was surrounded with canoes, full of the friends and relations of the chiefs we had on board. To salute them, as well as to exhibit the riches they had acquired by their visit to Port Jackson, our New Zealanders began firing their muskets without intermission, and, indeed, so prodigal were they of their powder, that one might presume little of it would remain after their landing for the destructive purposes for which they had gone so far to procure it. When their

fathers, brothers, &c. were admitted into the ship, the scene exceeded description; the muskets were all laid aside, and every appearance of joy vanished. It is customary with these extraordinary people to go through the same ceremony upon meeting as upon taking leave of their friends. They join their noses together, and remain in this position for at least half an hour; during which time they sob and howl in the most doleful manner. If there be many friends gathered around the person who has returned, the nearest relation takes possession of his nose, while the others hang upon his arms, shoulders, and legs, and keep perfect time with the chief mourner (if he may be so called) in the various expressions of his lamentations. This ended, they resume their wonted cheerfulness, and enter into a detail of all that has happened during their separation."

Wevere (the chief, and Jetoro's brother) ordered nearly the whole tribe to perform a dance in honour of his visitors; and it is thus described:

"Preparatory to the dance, the upper mat or garment is laid aside by both men and women; after which, the performers, having ranged themselves in a line one or sometimes two deep, begin beating their breasts, and frequently joining in chorus with an individual who repeats a song. The actions of the arms, the gestures of the body, and the contortions of the countenance, are very violent, and often frightful; in dancing, the parties stamp vehemently with the feet, but seldom move to any considerable distance from the place where they originally ranged themselves. It is singular how simultaneous even the slightest motion of the fingers is, with all the individuals in the group, be their number what it may; no irregularity is perceptible in the time and manner of their movements."

"At a later period of our residence in this country, when the natives had frequent opportunities of seeing our people dance, they observed, and with a degree of ridicule, that no two white men ever moved their arms or legs in the same manner."

Soon after the arrival of our countrymen, a warlike expedition of the natives returned from an incursion upon a distant tribe, and much of their character is exposed on the occasion.

"The fleet was composed of about fifty canoes, many of them seventy or eighty feet long, and few less than sixty. Their

prows, sides, and stern-posts were handsomely carved, and ornamented with a profusion of feathers; and they generally carried two sails made of straw matting. They were filled with warriors, who stood up and shouted as they passed our boat, and held up several human heads as trophies of their success.

"The barter of powder and muskets, carried on by the whalers, had already distributed some hundred stand of arms among the inhabitants of this bay; and, as the natives of the river Thames were unprovided with similar weapons, they made little opposition to their more powerful invaders, who, in the present instance, told us they had killed 200, while they returned with the loss of only four men.

"Before we met the canoes we had pretty well learned the result of the expedition from Tooi, who, notwithstanding his long residence in England, and his having returned to New Zealand under the immediate charge of one of the missionaries, still scrupulously adhered to the barbarous prejudices of his country, and gave a striking proof of the difficulty of eradicating the habits of savage life in a person of mature age.

"His conversation during breakfast was a continued boast of the atrocities he had committed during an excursion, which he and Krokro had made two months before, to the river Thames; and he dwelt with marked pleasure upon an instance of his generalship, when having forced a small party of his enemies into a narrow place, whence there was no egress, he was enabled successively to shoot two-and-twenty of them, without their having the power of making the slightest resistance. To qualify this story, he remarked, that though all the dead bodies were devoured by his tribe, 'neither he nor his brother ate human flesh, nor did they fight on Sundays.' When asked why he did not try to turn the minds of his people to agriculture, he said it was impossible; 'that if you told a New Zealander to work, he fell asleep; but if you spoke of fighting, he opened his eyes as wide as a tea-cup; that the whole bent of his mind was war, and that he looked upon fighting as fun.' - - -

"The beach was covered with natives, waiting the return of the expedition; and, as the canoes approached, they waded out to meet them, and assisted in hauling them on shore and in landing the prisoners and the baggage.

"The warriors were in their full dress, their hair tied up in a bunch on their heads, and ornamented with white feathers, and their faces and bodies besmeared with oil and red ochre. They recounted to the groups that surrounded them, the different events of their excursion, with much gesture and energy; while the captives sat patiently upon the beach, awaiting the lot which was to consign them to their respec-

tive masters. They consisted of men, women, and children; some of the latter not two years old: and forlorn as their situation was, they seemed to have paid as much attention to the ornamenting of their persons, as those who were placed in more fortunate circumstances.

"Among the women there was one who excited particular interest: she was young and handsome; and though the other prisoners occasionally talked among themselves, she sat silent and alone, and appeared lost in affliction. We learned that her father, who had been a chief of some consequence at the river Thames, was killed by the man whose prisoner she now was; and we observed him sitting at no great distance from her during the greater part of the day. He was the brother of Towi, the principal person at Ranghoo, and was a singularly fine-looking youth. The extraordinary scenes that we witnessed detained us in the neighbourhood of Tippoo-na until evening; and, as we were preparing to return to the ship, we were drawn to that part of the beach where the prisoners were, by the most doleful cries and lamentations. Here was the interesting young slave in a situation that ought to have softened the heart of the most unfeeling.

"The man who had slain her father, having cut off his head, and preserved it by a process peculiar to these islanders, took it out of a basket where it had hitherto been concealed, and threw it into the lap of the unhappy daughter. At once she seized it with a degree of frenzy not to be described, pressed its inanimate nose to her own, and held it in this position until her tears ran over every part of it. She then laid it down, and with a bit of sharp shell disfigured her person in so shocking a manner, that in a few minutes not a vestige of her former beauty remained. She first began by cutting her arms, then her breasts, and latterly her face. Every incision was so deep as to cause a gush of blood; but she seemed quite insensible to pain, and performed the operation with heroic resolution.

"He whose cruelty had caused this frightful exhibition, was evidently amused at the horror with which we viewed it; and, laying hold of the head by the hair, which was long and black, offered to sell it to us for an axe, turned it in various ways to show it off to the best advantage, and when no purchaser was to be found, replaced it in the basket from whence he had taken it. The features were as perfect as when in life, and though the daughter was quite grown up, the head of her father appeared to be that of a youthful and handsome man."

This touching example of filial piety, we learn, afterwards - - - married her father's murderer—a New Zealand parallel to the dame of Ephesus. But

what are we to expect from these ruthless savages? What follows will tell.

"One of the men who had been employed in cutting food for the bullocks reported, that curiosity having led him to lift up a mat, which he saw spread upon the ground near King George's village, he discovered underneath it the body of a recently murdered child, with the entrails taken out, as if preparatory to its being devoured. The story was so shocking, and almost incredible, particularly as the New Zealanders are very fond of their children, that no belief was attached to it, until it was corroborated by the testimony of some of the other men who were with him. - - -

"One of the officers of the ship having visited the missionaries' settlement at Tip-poo-na, was presented with a human bone, curiously carved. The person who gave it to him, assured him that he had purchased it from a chief of Wangarooa, who had set a high value upon it, from the circumstance of its being the rib of one of the crew of the Boyd. - - -

"The gentleman happening to pass through the village of Ranghoo at the time of this cannibal feast, observed the natives particularly active in throwing their mats over some object round which they were sitting, when they saw the strangers approach. The gentlemen, of course, continued their walk without appearing to notice what they had seen; but a sailor, belonging to the *Catherin*, who followed at some distance, and in whom the natives probably thought that the horrible spectacle would excite less disgust than in their superiors, was not only an eye-witness of their eating the body, but was invited to partake of the repast."

But the climax of this disgusting spectacle is yet to come.

"Though well aware (Captain C. assures us) of our abhorrence of cannibalism, they never denied it to be one of their customs; on the contrary, they too often expressed their predilection for human flesh. The limbs only of a man are eatable, while, with the exception of the head, the whole body of a female or a child is considered delicious.

"Besides the crew of the Boyd, other Europeans have from time to time fallen victims to their ferocity: but they describe the flesh of a white man as tough and unpalatable when compared to that of their own countrymen, and they attribute its inferiority to our universal practice of using salt with our food.

"It is from superstitious motives that they devour their enemies when slain in battle: but there is every reason to conclude that anthropophagy is practised on other occasions.

"Instances occurred during our residence among them, and under the eyes of Europeans, of female slaves having been

murdered for crimes too trifling to justify such severity; and as their bodies were immediately cut up, washed, and removed to a place where they could be eaten without interruption; and as the intended feast was publicly mentioned by the natives themselves, it is to be presumed the horrid propensity was gratified."

This must have been a pretty subject for conversation with these cannibals; our flesh tingles here at home, at the thoughts of a chat touching the relative flavours of our bones—gnawing and the more tasty picking of those of a person who did not spoil his carcass by eating salt. In other respects the natives, though they pretend to this delicate relish, are sufficiently filthy in their food:—

"- - - To the inexpressible astonishment of the islanders, two whales that came into the Bay of Islands, were attacked by the boats of the whale ships, and killed. After the blubber had been cut off, the carcass floated on shore.

"The flesh of the whale being considered by these people a first-rate delicacy, they gathered from every corner of the bay to feed upon it. Innumerable quarrels took place upon the back of the fish, and even the native girls, who lived as servants to the missionaries, and were fed as well as their masters, either abandoned their employment to take their station at the carcass of the whale, or insisted that some of it should be purchased for their consumption."

Yet "The New Zealand women are as fair as those of the southern parts of Europe, well-made, and, in general, handsome. Before matrimony, concubinage is scarcely considered a crime, nor is it an impediment to the highest connexion; after it they are faithful and affectionate wives, and very fond of their children. They bear with the greatest patience the violent conduct of their husbands, who, considering women as beings infinitely inferior to themselves, often treat them with great brutality."

Other points of their character are thus described:

"It would be difficult to define what their religion is. They have innumerable superstitions, but no idolatry. They believe that the chiefs when they die go to a very happy place, but that the *Cooke* has no further existence beyond this world. They address prayers to the sun, to the moon, to the stars, and even to the winds, when their canoes are becalmed or in a storm; but their prayers emanate from casual circumstances, not from any regular form or time of adoration. They believe in a Supreme Being, designated the

Atua, or something incomprehensible; the author of good and evil; the divinity who protects them in danger, or destroys them by disease. A man who has arrived at a certain stage of incurable illness, is under the influence of the Atua; who has taken possession of him, and who, in the shape of a lizard, is devouring his intestines; after which no human assistance or comfort can be given to the sufferer, and he is carried out of the village, and left to die. He who has had his hair cut is in the immediate charge of the Atua; he is removed from the contact and society of his family and his tribe; he dare not touch his food himself; it is put into his mouth by another person; nor can he for some days resume his accustomed occupations, or associate with his fellow men. An elderly female, or kind of priestess, of the tribe of any warrior, who is going to fight, abstains from food for two days, and on the third, when purified and influenced by the Atua, after various ceremonies, pronounces an incantation for the success and safety of him whom she is about to send forth to battle. But the attributes of the Atua, are so vague, and his power and protection so undefined, and there is moreover such a want of unanimity among the people themselves in many things relating to him, that it is quite impossible to discover any thing like system in their theology.

"Their general food is the koomera, or sweet potatoe; the root of the fern, roasted and pounded; the indigenous taro, which is very sweet; the common potatoe; the cabbage plant; and fish, which they

take in great abundance. They dry their fish in the sun without salt, and it continues good for many months. They use an immense quantity of cockles; and though they sometimes eat pork, it is only on great occasions: they generally reserve it to barter with the Europeans. The pigs run wild in the woods, and are caught with much difficulty and with the assistance of dogs, which themselves are sometimes eaten, and are considered a great delicacy. Dogs and rats are the only native quadrupeds of the island; the former are like our fox in shape, but variable in the colour; and the latter are so much smaller than the European rat, that a chief expressed a wish for an importation of some from England to improve the breed, and thereby give him a more bountiful meal. The taro plant, which has been imported from Otaheite, is cultivated by a few natives with much success. Their appetites are immense; and all their food is cooked in one and the same manner, namely, in hot stones covered over with leaves and earth, so as to form a kind of oven; and, certainly, their vegetables and cockles are particularly good when dressed in this way. They were very fond of our biscuit; and though it was literally so full of vermin that none of us could eat it, the tribes in the neighbourhood of the ship very eagerly bartered for it their potatoes, and the other esculent plants introduced into the island by Captain Cook. Reckless, however, of the future, they had soon disposed of their little stock, and they afterwards lived in comparative misery."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

SUNDAY EVENING.

I SAT last Sunday evening,
From sun-set even till night,
At the open casement, watching
The day's departing light.
Such hours to me are holy,
Holier than tongue can tell—
They fall on my heart like dew
On the drooping heather bell.
The sun had shone bright all day—
His setting was brighter still;
But there sprang up a lovely air
As he dropt down the western hill.
The fields and lanes were swarming
With holy-day folks in their best;
Released from their six days' cares,
By the seventh day's peace and rest.
I heard the light-hearted laugh,
The trampling of many feet;
I saw them go merrily by,
And to me the sight was sweet.
There's a sacred, soothing sweetness,
A pervading spirit of bliss,
Peculiar from all other times,
In a Sabbath eve like this.

Methinks, though I knew not the day,
Nor beheld those glad faces, yet all
Would tell me that nature was keeping
Some solemn festival.
The steer and the steed, in their pastures,
Lie down with a look of peace,
As if they knew 'twas commanded,
That this day their labours should cease.
The lark's vesper song is more thrilling,
As he mounts to bid Heaven good night;
The brook "sings" a quieter "tune;"
The sun sets in lovelier light.
The grass, the green leaves, and the flowers,
Are tinged with more exquisite hues;
More odorous incense from out them
Steams up with the evening dews.
So I sat last Sunday evening,
Musing on all these things,
With that quiet gladness of spirit,
No thought of this world brings.
I watch'd the departing glory
Till its last red streak grew pale,
And Earth and Heaven were woven
In Twilight's dusky veil.

Then the lark dropt down to his mate,
 By her nest on the dewy ground ;
 And the stir of human life
 Died away to a distant sound.
 All sounds died away—The light laugh,
 The far footstep, the merry call,
 To such stillness, the pulse of one's heart
 Might have echo'd a rose leaf's fall.
 And, by little and little, the darkness
 Waved wider its sable wings,
 Till the nearest objects, and largest,
 Became shapeless, confused things,
 And, at last, all was dark—Then I felt
 A cold sadness steal over my heart,
 And I said to myself, "Such is life—
 So its hopes and its pleasures depart."
 And when night comes, the dark night of age,
 What remaineth beneath the sun,
 Of all that was lovely and loved,
 Of all we have learnt and done ?
 When the eye waxeth dim, and the ear
 To sweet music grows dull and cold,
 And the fancy burns low, and the heart—
 Oh, Heaven ! can the heart grow old ?
 Then, what remaineth of life,
 But the lees with bitterness fraught ?

What then—But I check'd as it rose,
 And rebuked that weak, wicked thought.
 And I lifted mine eyes up, and, lo !
 An answer was written on high,
 By the finger of God himself,
 In the depths of the dark blue sky.
 There appear'd a sign in the east ;
 A bright, beautiful, fixed star,
 And I look'd on its steady light
 Till the evil thoughts fled afar.
 And the lesser lights of Heaven
 Shone out, with their pale soft rays,
 Like the calm, unearthly comforts
 Of a good man's latter days.
 And there came up a sweet perfume
 From the unseen flowers below,
 Like the savour of virtuous deeds,
 Of deeds done long ago.
 Like the mem'ry of well-spent time,
 Of things that were holy and dear,
 Of friends, "departed this life
 In the Lord's faith and fear."
 So the burthen of darkness was taken
 From my soul, and my heart felt light,
 And I laid me down to slumber
 With peaceful thoughts that night.

(Europ. Mag.)

When we speak of simplicity, it were injustice to the manes of the unknown bard not to introduce to notice a piece of former times, the author of which has slid into the current of oblivion, but which it will be a merit in any publication to be the medium of restoring.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Alas ! I am an Orphan Boy,
 With naught on earth to cheer my heart ;
 No father's love, no mother's joy.
 Nor kin nor kind to take my part.
 My lodging is the cold, cold ground,
 I eat the bread of charity ;
 And when the kiss of love goes round,
 There is no kiss, alas, for me.
 Yet once I had a father dear,
 A mother too, I wont to prize ;
 With ready hand to wipe the tear,
 If chanc'd the transient tear to rise.
 But cause of tears was rarely found,
 For all my heart was youthful glee,
 And when the kiss of love went round,
 How sweet a kiss there was for me.
 But, ah ! there came a war they say ;
 What is a war ?—I cannot tell :
 But drums and fifes did sweetly play,
 And loudly rang our village bell.
 In truth it was a prettty sound
 I thought,—nor could I thence foresee,
 That when the kiss of love went round,
 There soon should be no kiss for me.
 A scarlet coat my father took,
 And sword as bright as bright could be,
 And feathers that so gaily look,
 All in a shining cap had he.

Then how my little heart did bound,
 Alas, I thought it fine to see—
 Nor dreamt, that when the kiss went round,
 There soon should be no kiss for me.
 At length the bell again did ring,—
 There was a victory they said ;
 'Twas what my father said he'd bring,
 But, ah ! it brought my father dead.
 My mother shriek'd, her heart was woe,
 She clasp'd me to her trembling knee ;—
 O God ! that you may never know,
 How wild a kiss she gave to me !
 But once again,—but once again,
 These lips a mother's kisses felt ;
 That once again,—that once again,
 The tale a heart of stone would melt.
 'Twas when upon her death-bed laid,
 (O God ! O God ! that sight to see),
 "My child, my child," she feebly said,
 And gave a parting kiss to me.
 So now I am an Orphan Boy,
 With nought below my heart to cheer ;
 No mother's love, no father's joy,
 Nor kin nor kind to wipe the tear.
 My lodging is the cold, cold ground,
 I eat the bread of charity ;
 And when the kiss of love goes round,
 There is no kiss, alas, for me.

It is on the last four lines of the fifth verse ending

"O God! that you may never know,
How wild a kiss she gave to me,

that we will repose our judgment, willing here to take our stand, and to rest on this our reputation for critical discernment. We maintain this to be as simple, natural, pathetic and touching a sentiment, and clothed in as unaffected diction, as any to be found in the elegies of the most admired poets. The speaker expatiates not on the par-

ticular feeling excited in his mother or himself, when the kiss was imprinted, but breaks out into an exclamation which, while it deprecates our knowledge of the reality, implies the impossibility of description.—As for the mother's feelings, 'tis merely "her heart was woe;" not the seat of woe, nor distracted by a thousand woes. It is these bursts of nature, these unlaboured starts of genuine sentiment, that constitute the attraction of the simple elegy.

BIOGRAPHY

OF ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS LATELY DECEASED.

(New Mon.)

Died, in Cork, Mr. M. Quill, Surgeon of the 1st Veteran Battalion. He was a native of Tralee, and a genuine specimen of the whimsical Irish character. He was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 31st foot about the year 1807 or 1808, and went with his regiment to Portugal, in 1809. He possessed and displayed in an extraordinary degree all the wit, humour, eccentricity, and talent for *badinage*, that distinguish his countrymen. To the originality of his conceptions, the address of his remarks, and the strangeness of his phraseology, the richness and purity of his *brogue* gave peculiar piquancy. He loved ease, good living, and society—to want the latter required him to be placed in a desert. It would almost seem that he administered "love powders" to his acquaintances; for so attractive was he, that his quarters were the rendezvous of all the officers who could by possibility or propriety repair to them, to

"Beguile the tedium of the winter's night."

None stayed away except those who were unfortunately, from their rank, precluded by military etiquette from enjoying, if not "the feast of reason," at least "the flow of soul," with which the gay mercurial Assistant Surgeon entertained his visitors. The rushlight in his hut or lodging was a beacon to the fatigued, weather-beaten, exhausted, and dispirited soldier. We have said that he was witty and addicted to *badinage*; but the shafts of his wit were not barbed; nor were his personal allusions rendered unpleasant by the slightest touch or tinge of ill-nature or offensive coarseness. He was brave, but affected cowardice; and gave such whimsical expression to his assumed fear as provoked laughter in the hottest engagement: of this, his conduct at "the bloody fight of Albuera" will be a sufficient example.—Quill had, unnecessarily, followed the regiment "into fire," as it is termed. Creeping on his hands and knees, with boyish antics, he traversed the rear of the line, pulling the officers by their coats and tendering his brandy bottle

with such accompaniments as these:—"Here, Jack, take a *Deoch andhuras* (a drink at the door) *before you depart*." "I say, Bill, have a *slug* before you get a bullet." A mass of the enemy's cavalry, including a regiment of Polish lancers, prepared to charge the 31st. Colonel Duckworth ordered the regiment to form in square, in the centre of which he discovered Maurice, shaking from head to foot with well dissembled terrors; when the following conversation took place between them: "This is no place for you, Mr. Maurice." "By J—s, Colonel, I was just thinking so. I wish to the Holy Father that the greatest rascal in Ireland was kicking me up *Dame-street*†, and that even though every friend I have in the world were looking at him!" Finding it impossible to break the square formed by the 31st, the enemy's cavalry, having sustained great loss, retired; when, ordering his regiment to *deploy*, "Fall in!" said the Col.—"Fall out!" cried Maurice, and scampered off: but, hearing that a Captain of the 31st was severely wounded, he returned into fire, and dressed him. He had just finished this operation when a twelve-pound shot struck the ground close to them, and covered Maurice and his patient with earth. "By J—s, there's more where that came from!" said Maurice, and again took to his heels. A few minutes after, his brave and indulgent commander fell, covered with glory. Quill was a great favourite of the Colonel, although at first he knew not what to make of the *droll*. Of the nature of his replies to the many questions with which Colonel Duckworth assailed him, at the suggestion of the other officers, and to furnish a specimen of Quill's manner I shall add one more instance:—"I am desirous to know, Mr. Maurice," said the Colonel, "why you left the regiment in which you served, and to what good fortune we are to ascribe your selec-

* The Author of Waverley calls this "a stirrup cup;" Quill intended it for a *stir up*.

† A *slug*, a cant name for a *dram*.

‡ The Bowd-street of Dublin.

tion of ours?"—"Why, to tell the truth, Colonel," with affected embarrassment, "I left the — because some of the mess spoons were found in my kit; and you know that would not do in one of the *crack regiments*, Colonel! I chose the *Thirty-first* because I had a brother in the *Thirty-second*, and I wanted to be *near* him." He despaired of advancement after the termination of the war, and in his reply to a friend who asked him what rank he held:—"Why, I have been thirteen years an Assistant-Surgeon, and with the blessing of God—that is, if I live and *behave* myself, I shall be one

for thirteen years more." We feel some degree of pleasure in observing by the notice of his death that this prophecy had been falsified, and that he had been promoted to the rank of full surgeon. Mr. Quill died young; he must have been under forty years of age. Of him might be truly said that he possessed,

Spirits o'erflowing—wit that did ne'er offend:
He gain'd no enemy, and he lost no friend.

And the tear of many a veteran will fall when he shall hear that Maurice Quill is no more.

VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

The Siege of Valencia; a dramatic poem. The Last Constantine; with other poems. By Mrs. Hemans. 8vo.

It is with very sincere pleasure that we notice the present publication, from the pen of a lady by whose beautiful compositions our own pages have been frequently enriched. Amongst all the productions of Mrs. Hemans's muse, "The Seige of Valencia" will, we feel persuaded, rank the highest. The diction throughout is sustained and highly poetical; and the moral feeling which pervades the poem, noble and elevated. "The Last Constantine" displays the triumph of the Mahometan arms over the remnant of Byzantian glory. Well adapted as this subject is for poetical embellishment, Mrs. Hemans has treated it with spirit, and given us a very attractive poem; but in labouring perhaps at higher finishing, she has in some measure abridged the freedom of her muse. The stanza of Spenser perhaps was, as it generally is from its difficult construction, one cause of this. Highly elegant and chaste, this poem may not be so much a favourite with general readers as "The Siege of Valencia," but it will have admirers among the more discriminating, who can duly appreciate its merits. There is something also indistinct and diffuse in the events and action of the poem, but it abounds with passages that will sustain the reputation of its authoress. Several of the smaller pieces have, as we have mentioned, adorned the *New Monthly Magazine*; but to these a few

more minor poems are added, of singular beauty. Where so many delightful passages strike the eye, it is difficult to make a selection. The following simple ballad, from "The Siege of Valencia," may serve to give a very pleasing idea Mrs. H.'s powers, to those who are not acquainted with her writings:—

BALLAD.

"Why is the Spanish maiden's grave
So far from her own bright land?
The sunny flowers that o'er it wave
Were sown by no kindred hand.

"Tis not the orange-bough that sends
Its breath on the sultry air,
'Tis not the myrtle-stem that bends
To the breeze of evening there!

"But the Rose of Sharon's eastern bloom
By the silent dwelling fades,
And none but strangers pass the tomb
Which the Palm of Judah shades.

"The lowly Cross, with flowers o'ergrown,
Marks well that place of rest;
But who hath graved, on its mossy stone,
A sword, a helm, a crest?

"These are the trophies of a chief,
A lord of the axe and spear!
—Some blossom pluck'd, some faded leaf,
Should grace a maiden's bier!

"Scorn not her tomb—deny not her
The honours of the brave!
O'er that forsaken sepulchre
Banner and plume might wave.

"She bound the steel, in battle tried,
Her fearless heart above,
And stood with brave men, side by side,
In strength and faith of love!

"That strength prevail'd—that faith was bless'd
True was the javelin thrown,
Yet pierced it not her warrior's breast,
She met it with her own!

" And nobly won, where heroes fell
In arms for the holy shrine,
A death which saved what she loved so well,
And a grave in Palestine.

" Then let the Rose of Sharon spread
Its breast to the glowing air,
And the Palm of Judah lift its head,
Green and immortal there !

" And let yon grey stone, undefaced,
With its trophy mark the scene,
Telling the pilgrim of the waste,
Where Love and Death have been."

BEDS, BEDDING.

The Romans at first slept upon straw, to which succeeded dry leaves, skins of beasts for mattresses, and to them mattresses of the wool of Miletus, and down-beds, imported from Egypt, on account of the quantity of geese there kept. We find their beds sometimes of peacocks' feathers, amazingly stuffed, and for old men exceedingly soft ; and these, with others of hay, leaves, rushes, chaff, &c. have descended to the Middle Age. Flock-beds were invented by the Gauls.

DRUNKARDS.

A whip was anciently hung in the church for punishing them. The emblem of drunkards was a barrel standing on end, with a bung hole above and a spigot beneath. Accordingly, at Newcastle, a tub was put over them, with holes made for the head and hands and so they were obliged to walk through the town. The Classical Ancients conveyed people to bed, as now.

THE LATE LORD ERSKINE.

To mention one instance of the powerful eloquence of Mr. Erskine at the bar: he is said to have forgotten for which party, in a particular cause, he had been retained ; and, to the amazement of the agent that had feed him, and the horror of the poor client behind, he uttered a fervent speech exactly in opposition of the interests he had been hired to defend. Such was the zeal of his eloquence, that no whispered remonstrance from the rear, no tugging at the elbow could stop him. But just as he was about to sit down, the trembling agent put a slip of paper into his hands, " You have pleaded for the wrong party ;" whereupon, with an air of infinite composure he resumed the thread of his oration, saying, " Such, my lord, is the statement you will pro-

bably hear from my brother, of the opposite side of this cause. I shall now beg leave, in a very few words, to show your lordship how utterly untenable are the principles, and how distorted are the facts, upon which this very specious statement has proceeded." And so then he went once more over the same ground, and did not take his seat till he had most energetically refuted himself, and destroyed the effect of his former pleading.

KNOT.

These, as cognizances, were common. The knot was the symbol of Love, Faith, and Friendship, among the ancient Danes. The *true-love* knot is from the Danish *Trulofa*. 'I plight my faith.' Thence came the Bride-favours, or top-knots at marriage.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XVIII.

The newspapers in England, some time ago, briefly noticed the act of pardon, granted by the King of France to a person condemned to the galleys for ten years, for having violated the *cor-don sanitaire* on the frontiers, but there are some interesting particulars connected with the account which have been over-looked. The mother of the condemned sold every thing that she possessed, to procure the means of travelling from Bordeaux to Paris, and, on her arrival there, applied to the Duchess of Angouleme and the Duchess de Berri, by whom she was very graciously received. They recommended her to the minister of justice, and even contrived to place her in a situation where she might see and speak to the Monarch. When the King appeared, she fell on her knees before him, and exclaimed, " Sire, you see before you a wretched Bordelaise mother, who solicits pardon for her son, condemned for ten years to the galleys, for violating the *cor-don sanitaire*. May the almighty God, who protects you, inspire you, with the sentiment of mercy towards the only child of an afflicted mother." The King instantly took the petition which she presented, and proceeded to mass, where he again saw her. His Majesty regarded her with an eye of pity, and by nodding his head good humouredly, gave her reason to hope that her prayer was granted.

When the mass was ended, the King came towards the mother, and, having read the petition, said, "I am rejoiced that I can in this instance follow the dictates of my heart, without attacking the just severity of laws made for the maintenance of morality. Your son has been guilty of an indiscretion, but not of a crime produced by a corruption of principle. I should be much grieved if a young man, the support of his mother, were to pine in wretchedness for ten years for such an error, and still more so, if during that period he should contract habits destructive to his morals and to your happiness. Punishments are intended to prevent the example of crime, and not to expose the pure mind to corruption. Your son is pardoned." The poor woman fell at the King's feet, bathed in her tears. The duchess of Angouleme generously supplied her with the means of returning to Bordeaux.

SUGAR.

It has been controverted, whether the sugar of the ancients resembled ours or not. Some have said, that we owe the discovery to India. Isaiah says [xlili. 23.] 'thou hast brought me *no sweet cane* with money.' Joinville mentions the cultivation of the cane at Acre, so that it is probable the Arabians, as Arvieux contends, introduced it under the Caliphs. It was certainly supposed among us to be brought from Barbary, before the trade to the West Indies was fully established. It was used here in the fifteenth century in loaves, and such loaves were presented to great persons, from whom favour and protection were expected. This mention of loaves renders dubious Anderson's account, that the refining of it was first discovered by a Venetian in the sixteenth century.

CONVERSION OF ATMOSPHERIC AIR
INTO A FLUID BY PRESSURE.

Mr. Perkins has, we learn, compressed atmospheric air to such a degree, that a small portion of fluid appears at the end of the compressed column. This fluid does not wholly recover its gaseous state when the pressure is removed. It was supposed to be water, but this is not yet certain: several other gases have been converted into liquids by the same powerful agency.

QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.

A Correspondent, alluding to a statement in the *Morning Post* of 27th August, respect-

ing a trial in Dublin on the 16th, to recover a Queen Anne's Farthing (valued at 350*l.*) of which the owner (Mary Malony) was defrauded, and which, it appears, was actually sold by a Mr. Home, of the Royal Arcade, for 800*l.* inquires, "why a Queen Anne's Farthing is so valuable, as the writer has one that is known to have been in the family more than sixty years, and is, as he believes, a genuine one?" The writer adds, that he had always considered the subject a jest until he saw the above account before Mr. Commissioner Burrows, of the Insolvent Court, Dublin.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED.

Howitt's British Preserve, royal 4to. price 2*l.* 10*s.* proofs, 3*l.* 8*s.*—Mitford's Observations on Christianity, foolscap 8vo. 9*s.*—Count Arezzi, a tragedy, 8vo. 6*s.*—First Love, a Tale, 2 vols. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Memoirs of Count Hulin and M. Dupin, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* English, 3*s.* 6*d.* French.---Belsham's George III. vols 13 & 14. 8vo. 2*l.* 1*s.*—William Tell, or the Patriot of Switzerland, 18mo. 5*s.* plain, 6*s.* 6*d.* coloured.---Siege of Kenilworth, 4 vols. 12mo.---Juvenile Recollections, 12mo. 6*s.*---Belfrage's Monitor to Families, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*---Lloyd on Religious Fasting, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*---Forsyth's Mother's Medical Pocket Book, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*---Debates connected with the Charges brought against the High Sheriff of Dublin, 8vo. 12*s.*---Rivington's Annual Register 1799, 8vo. 1*l.*---Chitty on Commerce, vols. 2 to 4, 2*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*---Harrison on Fruit Trees. 8vo. 12*s.*

In a few days will be published, Percy Mallory. By the Author of "Pen Owen."

Clara Chester, a Poem, by the Author of "Rome," and the "Vale of Chamouny," will be published in a few weeks.

Professor Buckland is printing a Description of an Antediluvian Den of Hyenas, discovered at Kirkdale, Yorkshire, in 1821, and containing the remains of the hyena, tiger, bear, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and sixteen other animals, all formerly natives in this country; with a comparative view of many similar caverns and dens in England and Germany.

Duke Christian of Luneburg, or Traditions from the Hartz, by Miss Jane Porter, will speedily appear.

The Indefatigable W. Kitchiner, M.D. is preparing a work on the Economy of the Eyes, consisting of precepts for the improvement and preservation of the Sight.

An Egyptian tale is printing, called Ramesses.

The organ of the Cathedral of Seville, is said to have 5,300 pipes, with 110 stops, (these latter being 50 more than are in the famous one of Haerlem); yet, so ample are the bellows, that, when stretched, they supply the full organ fifteen minutes. The mode of filling them with air is singular; for instead of working with his hands, a man walks backwards and forwards along an inclined plane of about fifteen feet in length, which is balanced in the middle on its axis; under each end is a pair of bellows, of about six feet by three and a half. These communicate with five other pair united by a bar; and the latter are so contrived, that when they are in danger of being overstrained, a valve is lifted up, and gives them relief. Passing ten times along the inclined plane fills all these vessels.